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IT is the name placed upon pure wool Underwear made by British workers in Leicester. It is the name that *guarantees* to you that the garment which bears its name must give you perfect satisfaction or the Retailer can hand you back your money without quibble or question.

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Wolsey 'Fashioned,' Wolsey 'De Luxe,' and Wolsey 'Hardwear' are three specially recommended qualities. All carry the well-known Wolsey Guarantee against shrinking.

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Of finest Botany Wool. Coat designed in three-tone marl jacquard effect with skirt in plain marl mixture to match. In all the season's mixtures. 6 Gns

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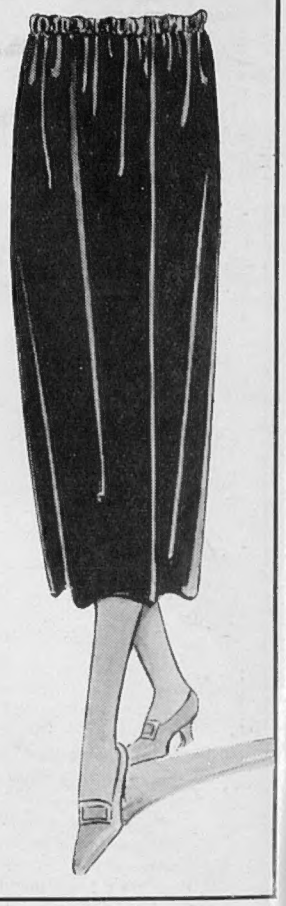

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COSY Petticoat (as sketch) in good quality satin quilted lined alpaca, suitable for motoring or flying, very light in weight. Black, Navy, Grey, Mole, Tan, Brown.

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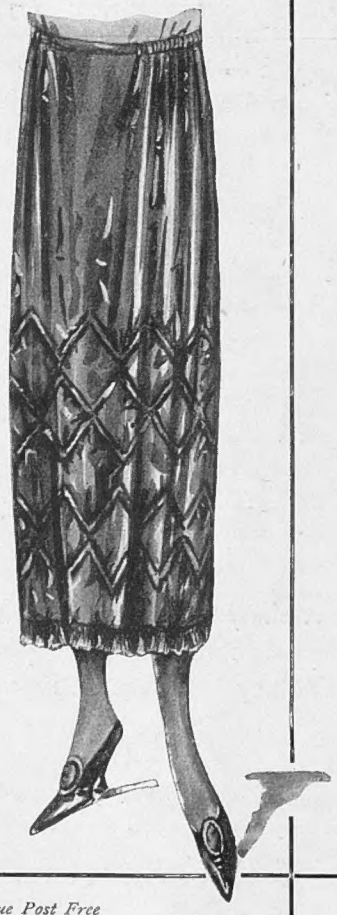

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FOR
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Another quality. lined wool, fur top, in tan and slate, **9/11** per pair.

G 230. Novelty in best French Suede Gloves in dark beaver, new tan, and grey. This reliable glove will secure satisfaction, offered this week only at Special Price, **11/6** per pair.

Real Gazelle Leather Gloves (as sketch), lined grey fur, in tan, nigger, slate, suitable for hard winter wear. Special Price, **12/9** per pair.

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Arabian Lambskin Gloves, selected leather mocha finish, lined wool with fur wrist. A special purchase offering exceptional value. Special Price, **12/9** per pair.

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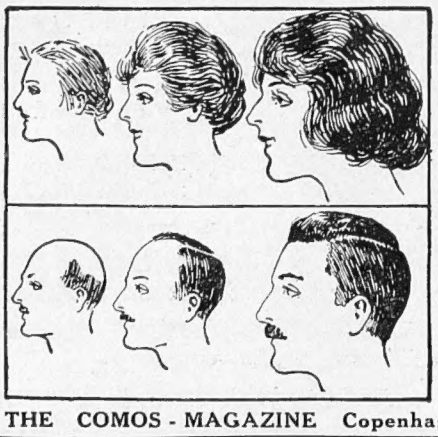
A REWARD of 100 POUNDS

For bald-headed and beardless.



An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair-Balsam during 8 days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age.

"Comos" brings the dormant Papillæ of the hair to grow again after having been used in a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.

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THE COMOS-MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 24

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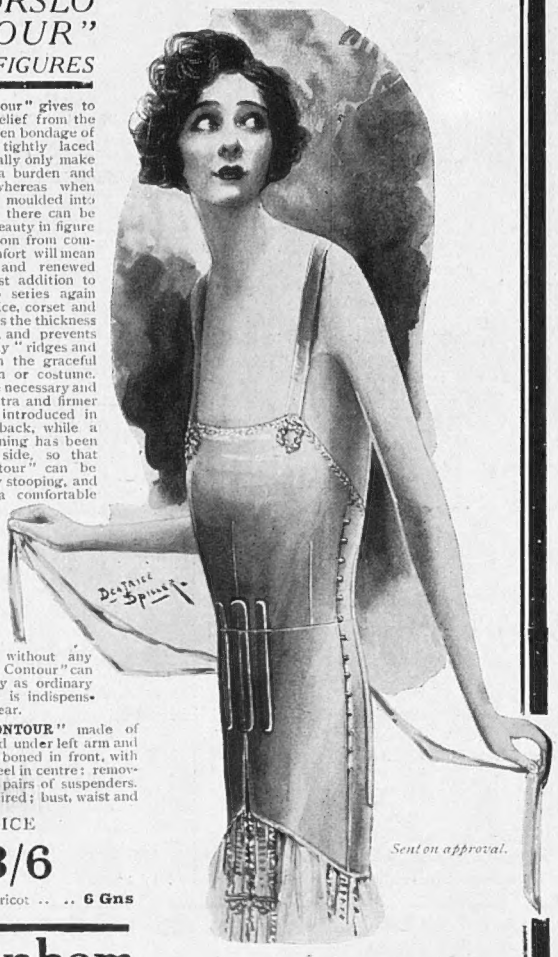
THE CORSLO "CONTOUR"

FOR FULL FIGURES



The "Corslo Contour" gives to the fullest figure relief from the irksome and mistaken bondage of stiffly boned and tightly laced corsets, which actually only make stoutness more of a burden and a disfigurement, whereas when rightly and lightly moulded into long graceful lines there can be dignity and even beauty in figure fulness, while freedom from compression and discomfort will mean improved health and renewed vitality. The latest addition to the famous Corslo series again combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, and so saves the thickness of double materials, and prevents any of the unsightly "ridges and bulges" which ruin the graceful effect of any gown or costume. In order to give the necessary and special support, extra and firmer bones have been introduced in front and at the back, while a hook and eye fastening has been arranged at left side, so that the "Corslo Contour" can be put on without any stooping, and then adjusted to a comfortable fitting by the back lacings. When the wearer is seated, graceful lines and absolute ease have been ensured by the cutting up of the skirt part in the centre. As all the bones can be instantly removed, and replaced too, without any sewing, the "Corslo Contour" can be washed as easily as ordinary undergarments. It is indispensable for Tropical wear.

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Genovar

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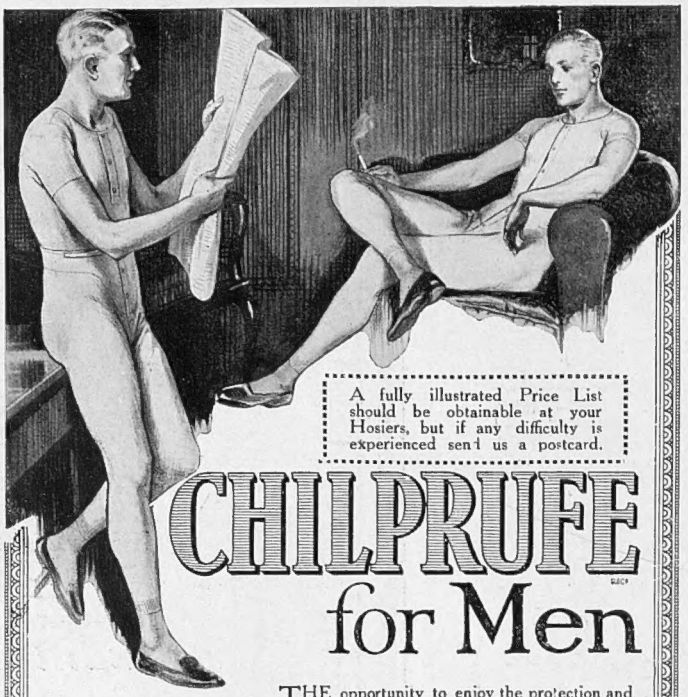

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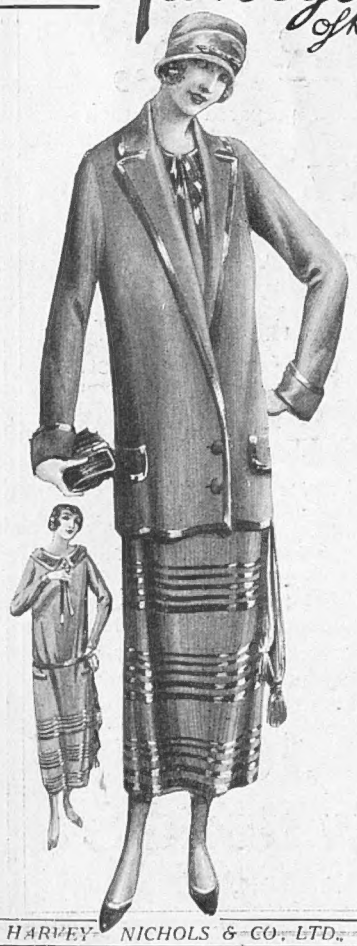

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Price of dress and coat

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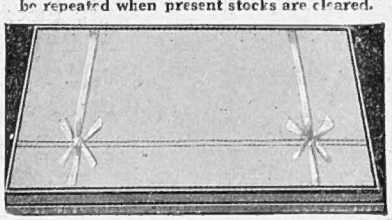
250 prs. fine quality Irish Linen Hemstitched Sheets, 2 x 3 yds. **45/-** pr. 2½ x 3 yds. **52/-** pr. 2½ x 3 yds. **57/6** pr.



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A finest Fur Felt sports and general wear Hat. Faultless in style, the trimming composes self-coloured galloon. In 22 of this season's shades. Sizes 6¾ to 7½. PRICE 30/-

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A practical coat, of the newest material, with a two-toned tapestry effect. The fur collar and cuffs are of skunk dyed goat, giving a rich finish. Half-lined Brochè. In beaver/gold, beaver/red, nigger/red.

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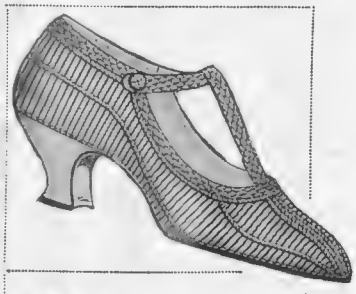

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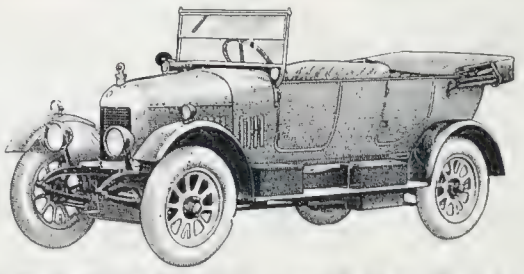

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The Bystander, October 8, 1924 No. 1088. Vol. LXXXIV.

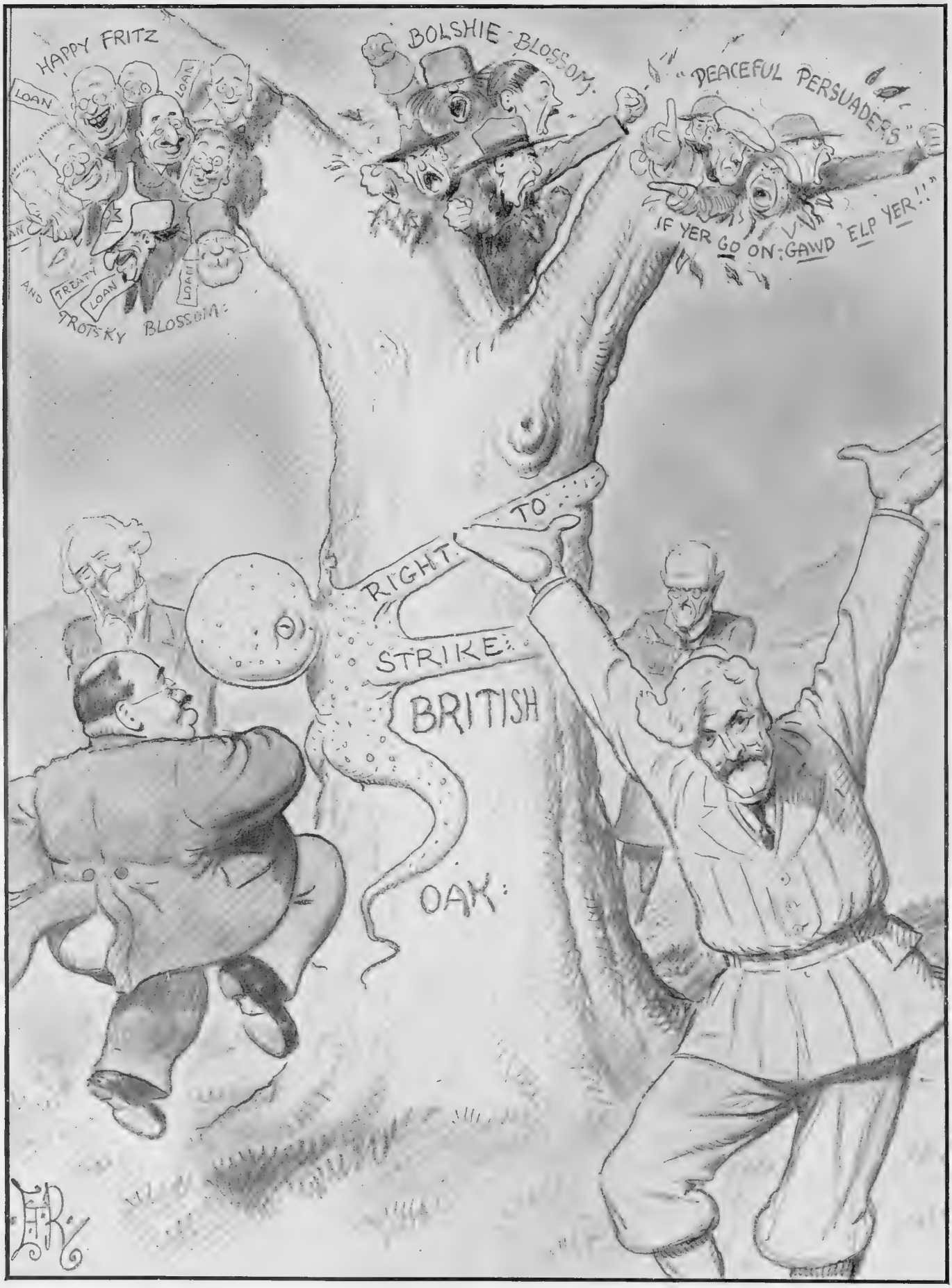
The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

VISCOUNTESS DUNSFORD

The popular wife of Lord Midleton's son and heir. Lady Dunsford is the daughter of Mr. J. Rush, of Cromer. Lord Dunsford fought with the Yeomanry in the War, and was A.D.C. to the G.O.C. Dardanelles Forces

The Blight on the Oak



BY E. T. REED

RAMSAY (*at Derby*): "It is a happy thing to be able to take up our best positions and feel that one is helping to make a thing *blossom anew*"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Seasonable Songs

If you happen to be up for Wembley, and you see, in the Strand, a seedy-looking gent wearing a worried look, you may be sure of one of two things. Either he is scheming how best he can steal your wrist-watch—they still wear wrist-watches where you come from, so don't pretend they don't—or he is writing a song for the coming pantomime season.

Pantomime and Parliament

A politician of the past linked up the laws and the songs of his country in a phrase, and the two have been associated ever since—with dire results for the writer of the modern ballad. He, poor chap, will be expected to make his songs as amusing as the laws that are passing into the Statute-book at the moment, and if pantomime is to be as funny as Parliament, he has got all his work cut out.

One Golden Hour

Will the pantomime poets succeed in being as funny as the politicians? I have been looking into this matter, and have garnered a few facts to place before you. We all know what the politicians can do, but the poet was ever an unknown quantity. Let us draw aside the veil and show a few of the things of which he is capable. Let us commence with that great heart-scorcher "One Golden Hour of Dreams":

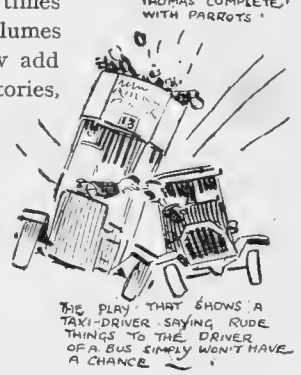
> Dearest, when first you came to me
> In the peace of the sunset hour,
> Deep in your eyes there shone a light,
> Pure as the op'ning flower.
> Then thro' the dusk and the silver dew,
> Hope breathed a song of love and you.

Say It In Titles

I pass over that other splendid song "Does The Spearmint Lose Its Flavour On the Bedpost Overnight," for the lyric has already passed into the language, and I do not propose to explore the dim recesses of "You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me, So Why Do You Want Me Now?" These serial story titles leave nothing to the imagination, and in some cases they tell you more than the verse and chorus put together. There is, for instance, "If I Can't Sing About My Mammy, I Don't Want To Sing At All," to say nothing of "How Can I Believe You When You Lied To Me So Many Times?" And though I am frightfully intrigued by "Any Room In Your Little Bed For Me?" I don't propose to pursue the topic in a family magazine of this standing.

The Cream of the Gossip

What a wonderful record of our times is being provided by these many volumes of reminiscences, to which we must now add Lincoln Springfield's collection of good stories, *Some Piquant People*, which saw the light yesterday. For the sake of posterity I would suggest that a publisher (to be mutually agreed upon) should bring out a single volume covering the whole ground and containing the cream of the gossip of the past decade. Each story could be acknowledged, and this would stimulate the sale of all the books drawn upon, as any reader who was greatly tickled by a particular yarn would be sure to trace it to its original source.



A Story of To-Day

If my suggestion were adopted, the result would be a volume worthy to be placed on the same shelf as Mr. Pepys—his Diary. We should have a human anthology, through the pages of which would march the men and women who

have left unmistakable footprints upon the sands of our time. The historian of the future will be baffled by the number of books he will be called upon to read, and he will not be in a position to separate the reliable from the purely imaginary. Let us put these scattered recollections through the sieve and incorporate the best of them into one authentic Story of To-day. As usual, I make no charge for the suggestion.

Jim's Parrots

I ALWAYS looked upon Mr. J. H. Thomas as an astute politician. When the Prime Minister got himself involved in that motor-car mix-up I said to myself: "Jim Thomas wouldn't have been caught like that." And now I have been forced to reconsider my opinion, for what do you think Jim has been and gone and done? He has come back from South Africa with a cargo of parrots! I didn't see him arrive, but there it is in black and white: "Mr. J. H. Thomas—complete with parrots (in cages) reached Waterloo, to-day." Can't you see how those parrots will figure in the next General Election? Can't you see the cartoonists depicting the Colonial Secretary as a parrot surrounded by lots of other parrots all making the same Electioneering promises? I can!

Luridly Objurgatory

AMERICA is a truly wonderful country. People will tell you that owing to its size everything is bound to happen there sooner or later, but this shallow criticism does not begin to account for half the happenings that occur within its borders. Take the case of the new play, *What Price Glory*? It is said to be one of the dramatic hits of the New York season, yet the police are trying to put a stop to it on the grounds that certain military characters use language "of a luridly objurgatory character." After this, the play that shows a taxi-driver saying rude things to the driver of a bus simply won't have a chance.

THE LIONS IN THE PATH By Morse

Swear At 'Em, Sir!

SINCE when has the American army ceased to specialise in "bad" language? I always believed that an extensive repertory of words of a "luridly objurgatory character" was as essential to the private soldier as the Field-Marshal's baton, which, as we all know, he carries in his knapsack in case of an emergency. My mind goes back to a large open space in the pleasant university town of Cambridge. A young and inexperienced officer cadet is trying to persuade other officer cadets to perform certain evolutions, when a red and hot gentleman—red-hot you might say—rides up on a large horse and addresses him as follows: "Why don't you swear at 'em, sir? Were you brought up in a Sunday school? Did you promise your mother you wouldn't swear? Swear at 'em, sir! Swear at 'em!" The red-hot gent has since succumbed to an attack of apoplexy, and the uniform of the officer-cadet is laid by in lavender to be ready for the next war, but the incident remains fresh in his memory.

Making Game of Big Game

THE fact that a golfer has killed a sea-gull in flight is sufficiently unusual to be mentioned in my daily paper. I don't doubt that the unfortunate bird will be stuffed, placed in a glass case, and become a legend in the locality, but, alas, golfing heroes are always at the mercy of the humorist who refuses to approach their achievements in the proper spirit of reverence. As when Alfred Leete walked into the Club house at Wimbledon Park, and having considered the African trophies presented by a certain big-game hunter, remarked casually, "All killed by golf balls, I presume!"

Ham Yard

THE other evening the police paid a visit to a dance club in Ham Yard. The announcement appeared in the papers next day, but as the name of the dance club was not mentioned, I cannot tell you which club in Ham Yard it was that was thus honoured. But I *can* tell you which Club it wasn't, for most of the other twenty-nine Clubs in Ham Yard have written to assure me that they are good and pure. Myself, I had no idea that the nocturnal life of this odd little backwater of Piccadilly Circus was so strenuous as my post-bag would seem to imply. I won't say that, in this locality, night clubs are as thick as thieves, because that might be held to be a reflection on the denizens of Ham Yard, all of whom, as we have seen, are good and pure.

Journalism and Politics

THE close association between journalism and politics has been frequently deprecated by non-thinking people, but there can be no doubt that the brilliant articles by Lord Birkenhead in the *Sunday Times* have been invaluable in securing a proper appreciation of those problems with which public life is packed. Parliamentary speeches are so bowdlerised and distorted that they cannot be relied upon, but there is no getting behind the written word. We may not agree with the opinions expressed by the writer, but we do, at least, *know* what ideas he is endeavouring to express. It is fortunate that the two men who are most frequently misrepresented — Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Winston Churchill—are each gifted with the ready pen of the ready writer, and that a paper of the high repute of the *Sunday Times* provides a platform by means of which they can be brought into direct contact with their public.

The "Bystander" Treasure Hunt for £100

For details and clues see page 125

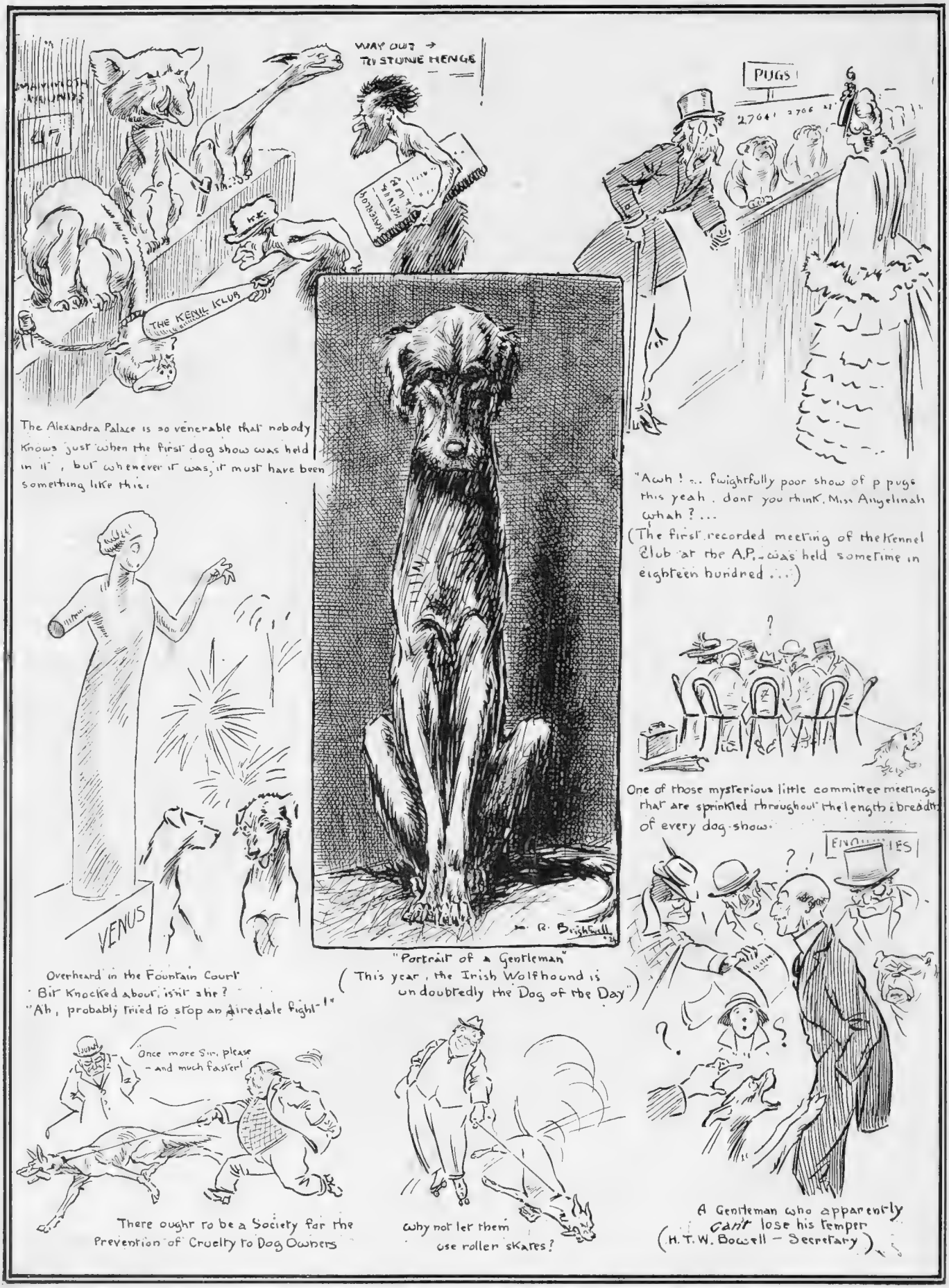
In National Garb

Photograph *Central News*

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN

Formerly Lady Louise Mountbatten, wearing the national Swedish costume, photographed in the garden of the Crown Prince's residence

The Kennel Club Spirit



The Alexandra Palace is so venerable that nobody knows just when the first dog show was held in it, but whenever it was, it must have been something like this.

"Awh! ... fwightfully poor show of p pugs this yeah, don't you think, Miss Angelinah Wthah? ..."
(The first recorded meeting of the Kennel Club at the A.P. was held sometime in eighteen hundred ...)

One of those mysterious little committee meetings that are sprinkled throughout the length & breadth of every dog-show.

Overheard in the Fountain Court
"But Knocked about, isn't she?
"Ah, probably tried to stop an Airedale fight-!"

"Portrait of a Gentleman"
(This year, the Irish Wolfhound is undoubtedly the Dog of the Day)

"Once more Sir, please – and much faster!"

There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dog Owners

Why not let them use roller skates?

A Gentleman who apparently can't lose his temper
(H. T. W. Bowell – Secretary)

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Some impressions of last week's big show at Alexandra Palace

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

WELCOME HOME

The Mayor of Plymouth welcoming Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Field and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand on H.M.S. Hood, on the return of the British cruisers from their world tour

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Return to London

THE earlier opening of Parliament brought back a good number of people to London who would have stayed away comfortably until the date originally fixed for the beginning of the Session. There's one thing that puzzles me about this rush to London in the autumn for the opening of Parliament. Members and all folks connected with the Government, of course, must come back, but you will hear dozens of people in no way connected with Parliament or even political life, say with an air of authority, "I must be back for the opening of Parliament."

Perhaps it is because they like to be in the stir and movement which comes with the opening of the winter season. But do you remember in one of the stories of the brilliant and lamented "Saki," a young woman who, when she came down to breakfast in a country house gave her fellow-guests the impression that she had already been in correspondence with most of the crowned heads in Europe?

So, perhaps, on the other hand, "I must be back for the opening of Parliament" is an outward sign of an inward desire to appear important. I'm certain this applies in some cases. But one must be fair. The winter labours of a large number of committees for social welfare and charities begin early in

Photograph *I. B.*

HONOURING THE FALLEN

Marshal Foch at the unveiling of the war memorial at Beaumont Hamel to the officers and men of the 51st Division who gave their lives in the War. With him is Major-General R. Bannatine-Allason who commanded the division

Photograph *Central News*

FACING THE MUSIC

The Prince of Wales presenting a brave face to the cinematograph a few days before he left Long Island for his ranch in Canada. He is "supported" by Brigadier-General G. F. Trotter (left) and Captain A. F. Lascelles

Photograph *Alfieri*

MR. EARL WHITE AND MISS BRADFORD

October, and these labours bring a lot of people back from the moors and other delectable places.

Royal Freemasons

DURING the present year the Duke of Connaught, as Grand Master of the English Freemasons, has installed the Prince of Wales as Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Surrey, and the Duke of York as Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Middlesex. Next week he will instal a third Royal Prince, his son, Prince Arthur, as a third Provincial Grand Master. Prince Arthur will be the head of the Freemasons of Berkshire, his installation by his father taking place at Reading.

Three Royal Princes being Provincial Grand Masters at the same time creates, I believe, a record in the history of Freemasonry in this country. The King's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was one of Prince Arthur's predecessors as Provincial Grand Master of the Berkshire Masons.

An Imperial Exile

THE unfortunate ex-Empress Zita of Austria has applied to the French Government for permission to live at the Château of Chambord, that jewel of stonework in Touraine belonging to her brother, the Duke of Parma. Of all the exiled monarchs her plight is the most pitiable. Although Austria took the whole of the former Imperial property, not a penny was given in compensation, nor is any allowance made. The consequence is that the ex-Empress possesses no income at all.

A certain sum is sent to her every year by Austrian loyalists. But for this, she would have literally nothing upon which to bring up her large family and maintain the little villa at Lequeitio in Spain, built for her by Spanish sympathisers.

A 1-2-3 FROM THE AUTUMN MEETING AT NEWBURY

Photograph *Alfieri*

MAJOR AND MRS. R. M. WOOTTON

Photograph *Central Press*

AT THE LYMPNE AIR TRIALS

Prince Manuel Alfonso (in centre), the son of the King of Spain, watching the light aeroplane trials held last week at Lympne. Some remarkably good results were achieved, despite one severe crash

Photograph *Alfieri*

LORD WESTMORLAND (left) AND HIS TRAINER

When the ex-Empress Zita and her husband were forced to leave Austria they took nothing with them except jewels. And upon those jewels they lived in Switzerland. The Hapsburgs are certainly the most unfortunate of families. The jewels represented an income. But the ex-Emperor Karl was cruelly robbed in their sale. Further, he was badly advised to spend money in propaganda in Hungary.

Chambord is one of the finest *châteaux* in Touraine, the land of beautiful *châteaux*, good food and good wine. You can still see on one of its windows the lines scratched by Francis I—that monarch most versed in the ways of woman—with the diamond of his ring—

Souvent femme varie
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.

The father of the ex-Empress, the late Duke of Parma, had twenty children. It used to be said that he could give each child a castle and have one for himself and his Duchess, as he possessed twenty-one castles in various parts of Europe. The War has made a very big difference in the present Duke of Parma's possessions.

The Deadly Mosquito

LADY TERRINGTON, like Sir Gerald du Maurier, has been the victim of a mosquito. She was so badly bitten that she could not take her place in the House last week for the opening of Parliament. Sir Gerald du Maurier, I hear, has had a very bad time, and in consequence has been out of the bill of *To Have the Honour* for some weeks. One has heard of several other cases, too, of trouble arising from mosquito bites this autumn,

especially on the East Coast, where the pests seem to have been tropical in their malignity and evil effects.

Lady Terrington is indeed unfortunate, for it is only a short while since she and some of her guests at Frinton were seized with illness after dinner one evening through some mysterious food poisoning.

Lord Carnegie

EVERYBODY is sorry to hear the unfortunate ending to Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie's visit to Scotland. They went to stay with Lord and Lady Inchcape at Glenapp Castle in Ayrshire in the latter part of August. Immediately after their arrival Lord Carnegie developed symptoms of rheumatic fever, and has been in bed ever since. The latest bulletin is that he is slowly recovering, but some time must elapse before he can be moved.

Lord Inchcape, who was a great figure in the commercial life of India, was made a peer thirteen years ago.

MAJOR TIMSON AND MRS. LUCAS

He and his son, the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, are both partners in the great Indian mercantile house of Mackinnon, Mackenzie and Co. Lord Inchcape has gained the gratitude of thousands of people who have never set eyes on him. He is the President of the Income Tax-payers' Society. His elder daughter married the only son of Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, one of our wittiest after-dinner speakers, and one of our greatest lawyers.

A Link With Royalty

LADY HENEAGE, whose death has just occurred at Brighton, belonged to an intimate Royal circle of other days. She was the daughter of the second Earl of Listowel and the sister of the nonogenarian Earl of Listowel, who died recently at the quaint eighteenth century house, Kingston House, in Prince's Gate. Her father and brother were both Lords-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and as Lady Eleanor Hare she was one of Queen Alexandra's bridesmaids at her marriage in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in March, 1863.

MRS. LEECH AND MRS. MACEWAN

A NEW FOREST FORAY

Followers of the New Forest Beagles at the Opening Meet at Stoney Cross

Her twin sister, Lady Adela Hare, married Colonel Cuthbert Larking. For many years Lady Adela and Colonel Larking were in constant attendance on the Duke and Duchess of Connaught as lady-in-waiting and equerry. Another sister, Lady Sophia Macnamara, was lady-in-waiting to Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, throughout the greater part of the Princess's married life. Queen Victoria showed her interest in the Listowel family by being godmother to an elder sister of Lady Heneage, the mother of the present Earl of Yarborough, who bears Queen Victoria's name of Victoria Alexandrina.

Lady Heneage, as Lady Eleanor Hare, married Mr. Edward Heneage a year after Queen Alexandra's marriage. He was raised to the peerage as Lord Heneage in 1896. Her eldest son, the present Lord Heneage, is unmarried.

A Knotty Problem

WHILST waiting for a train at a junction on a tiresome cross-country journey between two visits, recently, I took refuge in the smoking-room of an adjacent inn. Hidden under a pile of ancient time-tables I lighted on a copy of a weekly newspaper long ago gone the way of all flesh. A feature of this journal used to be the answering of social problems, not by the editor or a worldly-wise specialist in such problems, but by the readers themselves. The social problem put forward in this derelict copy of the dead paper gave me an hour of unexpected amusement. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. A, calling on Mrs. B, sees that lady sitting at her drawing-room window, which is wide open, as she

(Continued on page 102)

Photographs *Alfieri*

MISS BAILLIE (left), MR. ORMROD, THE MISSES BUSHMAN AND CAPT. CAMPBELL THISTLE

A Mixed Bag from the Out-of-

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS E. K. HUGGINS

A FEW EARLEY ARRIVALS

Competitors and Spectators at the Wokingham and District Agricultural Show at Earley

Photograph *Alfieri*

MRS. CHARLES RUSHBROOK (left), MRS. R. PALMER AND MRS. E. PALMER

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS J. HOPE AT THE WOKINGHAM SHOW

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS TRAVIS (left), MRS. RUPERT PHILLIPS AND MRS. JOHN DUNCAN

A BRACE FROM

Some "among those Cardiff Steeple-

Doors Autumn Sport Centres

Photograph *Personality P. P.*
MRS. WHITEHEAD AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER N. HOLBROOK, V.C.

A ROUND WITH THE RETRIEVERS
The "personal touch" at the recent Golden Retriever Club's Trials, which were held at Swyncombe Park

Photograph *G. P. U.*
MISS BELL (left) AND THE HON. MRS. GRIGGS

HE 'CHASE
esents" at the recent
nases at Ely

Photograph *Sport and General*
MRS. BEAUMONT (left), MRS. DONALD CORY AND MISS CORY

Photograph *G. P. U.*
MRS. HOWARD AND SIR CHARLES COTTIER AT THE RETRIEVER TRIALS

Photograph *Special Press*

WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, the Marquis of Crewe's youngest daughter, out with the Whaddon Chase at Stewkley. It was her first experience of cubbing

walks up the drive. Mrs. B. is in animated conversation with some person in the drawing-room and does not notice Mrs. A. To Mrs. A.'s surprise the servant who answers the door tells her that Mrs. B. is 'not at home.' Mrs. A. tells the servant she must be mistaken, as she has just seen Mrs. B. sitting at the drawing-room window. The maid repeats that Mrs. B. is '*not* at home,' and holds out a salver for Mrs. A.'s cards, although the sound of conversation in the drawing-room can be distinctly heard at the hall door by both Mrs. A. *and the servant*. When Mrs. A. comes down the steps she sees Mrs. B. still sitting at the drawing-room window. Mrs. A. is convinced that Mrs. B. sees *her*, but Mrs. B. makes no sign of recognition.

"What should Mrs. A. have done under these circumstances? Was she right to bow distantly and coldly and say sarcastically, as she did, 'I am so sorry you are out,' and then hurry away before Mrs. B. could answer? Or should she have gone down the steps as if she was unaware of Mrs. B.'s existence?

"In view of such deliberate falsehood, and *such* a deliberate cutting, what should be Mrs. A.'s attitude to Mrs. B. in the future?"

I spent quite an exciting time until my train was due devising various answers to the harassed Mrs. A. It was a new parlour game.

Why Not Change the Formula?

But isn't it odd, even now, when the phrase is generally accepted, how pink and wrathful some people get when they discover that a "not at home" is only an indication that the mistress of a house does not want to see people? Certain religious circles used to be much perturbed as to whether the phrase did not come under the heading of lying, and serious-minded ladies in consequence tried to start "My mistress is engaged" as a means of saving servants "from the sin of falsehood." But this was even worse. Nine callers out of ten were more incensed by being given to understand that friends or acquaintances were much too engaged to see *them* than by being told a lady was "not at home" when she was. Consequently, the phrase never became general.

I've often thought how much simpler it would be if we followed the French and Italian custom. There, if the lady of the house is engaged or does not wish to see visitors, you are told she is not receiving. If she is actually not in the house you are told she has gone out.

The Rich and Kitchens

For my own part, if I could afford to pay £700 a year for the rent of a flat in a "converted" mansion, I should require accommodation for more than one servant, and a kitchen in which food could be cooked for luncheon and dinner-parties. The architect who "converted" an enormous house into flats which I looked over the other day apparently thinks differently. On each floor he has contrived a dining-room in which you could seat thirty people comfortably; a drawing-room where you could have a squash of a hundred and fifty people for a tea-party, and bedrooms in proportionate size. But his kitchens! They were cubby-holes without even a stove of any sort. But they had two sinks, thus making the little hole serve as kitchen, pantry and scullery.

When I pointed out that stoves of some sort were usual in kitchens, the amiable young man who was showing me over said airily, "Oh, one of the sinks can be taken out and a gas stove put in its place." Literally, there was no room even for a small gas stove unless you tore out one of the sinks. A small glassed-in cupboard—the sort of thing you see in week-end cottage kitchens—was the only place for china, crockery and silver and glass. And there was only one servant's bedroom! It opened from the kitchen.

Perhaps the solution of the puzzle is that the new rich—and who else but the new rich could pay £700 a year for a flat in which their dinner couldn't be cooked?—are solving the servant problem by having all their meals at restaurants, or have dinners sent in, food, plate, glass, waiters, etc.—when they want to entertain *chez eux*. Therefore, the architect who designed these flats out of this fine old house may be wise in his generation.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"FIRST" IMPRESSIONS

Some of the guests at the recent shoot on the Woodlands estate, near Uxbridge. Our photograph shows Sir John Lynn Thomas (left), Mr. Fergusson, Miss Mary Merrall, Mr. Franklin Dyall, Mr. Davies, and Mr. G. H. Cross

Photograph *British Illust.*

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED"

Mrs. Gordon Helswell (wife of the President of the Association) releasing the first "bird" at the Devon County Clay Pigeon Shooting Championship, recently held at Honiton

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Patience Courtenay Thompson, whose engagement to the Hon. Thomas Burdett-Money-Coutts, Lord Latymer's eldest son, was recently announced

Photograph *C. P. U.*

LAUGHING AT LIFE

Mr. Geoffrey Edwards and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Simon (Sir John Simon's elder daughter), after their wedding

Photograph] **AN EDINBURGH WEDDING RETINUE** *[Central News*

Captain A. W. E. Crawford and his bride, Miss H. B. Dundas, with their bevy of pretty bridesmaids after the marriage ceremony at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh. Captain Crawford, who is in the Royal Scots Greys, is the son of Colonel and Mrs. Euwing Crawford of Auchentroig, Stirlingshire; his bride is the second daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Dundas of Dundas, Inchgarvie, South Queensferry

To-day in the Province of Kiang-Su
There's a regular deuce of a "how-d'ye-do"
And if you are anxious to know who's who
I'll do what I can to enlighten you.

It appears that the trouble is mainly due
To a man called Chi and a man called Lu.
Now Chi is the Tuchun of Kiang-Su
While the Tuchun of Chekiang is Lu.
And Lu is controller of Shanghai too
With which he ought to have nothing to do,
For Shanghai, you see, is in Kiang-Su
Which doesn't seem fair to me, does it to you?
And Chi doesn't think so, hence the stew!

And then in Pekin there is Wu-Pei-Fu
Who once was a swine-herd whom nobody knew;
He got a small army which grew and grew
Till he made himself boss of the club An-Fu,
And to further the aims he has in view
He is egging on Chi to go for Lu.

And then we have got Sun-Chuan-Fang,
And he's in command of the Fu-kien gang,
Helping the Tuchun of Chekiang,
While up in the north, Feng-Yu-Hsiang
Is doing his bit in the general bang
By marching south-west to meet one, Chang
Who seems to support Lu-Yung-Hsiang.

But if we unravel the General tang-
—gle, we find that really Lu-Yung-Hsiang
And Chi the Tuchun of Chekiang
And the Chih-li General Sun-Chuan Fang
And the man up north, Feng-Yu-Hsiang,
Don't one of them matter a blooming hang
(If you'll kindly excuse an outburst of slang)
It's simply a row between Wu and Chang.

G. A. H.

A Singer of World-wide Repute

MADAME GALLI CURCI

Who makes her first bow to British audiences at the Albert Hall next Sunday. Though she has never sung in England before, the famous soprano is known to hundreds of thousands of music lovers in this country, and she is sure of a warm welcome. After her two London appearances (on Oct. 12 and 19), Madame Galli Curci is touring the Kingdom under the ægis of the International Celebrity Concerts

Motley Musings

FIREWORKS are now being used by the Chinese troops on the Shanghai battle-front. The whole show seems likely to fizzle out.

. . . . . .

THE Communists in Glasgow are illogical. They have just passed a housing resolution to resist Bolshe-victions.

. . . . . .

A QUEER case of bravado is reported from Colchester, where a gentleman astonished the natives by bearding six dozen oysters in his own den.

. . . . . .

THERE are said to be a lot of skilled mathematicians employed in telephone exchanges. Perhaps that is why they so constantly take away the number we first thought of.

. . . . . .

A SCOTCH advocate has just published a long poem about a swan. He is evidently one of those Writers to the Cygnet.

. . . . . .

"These seats are awf'lly narrow,
Jack, I cannot tuck my knees in."
"Don't worry, dear," he answered back;
"There's heaps of room to squeeze in."

. . . . . .

WE have just heard of a certain revue actor who is so mean that he'll even take another artiste's call!

. . . . . .

"WHAT do you think of Frank as a comedian, Ernest?" inquired an Empire enthusiast.

"Not bad," replied the other; "only his voice is so tinney."

. . . . . .

A GERMAN *prima donna* has been arrested for forgery. She is now regretting her knack of uttering flash notes.

MY STARS!

["Old Moore's Almanac" for 1925 has just been published.]

The planets appear unpropitious;
From this astrological screed
I gather that Venus is vicious,
And Saturn is after our bleed!
Unless Mr. Moore's a romancer,
Instead of us thanking our stars,
It seems we shall suffer, for Cancer
All possible happiness Mars!

Though hitherto we may have kept tune
With those that we meet on our way,
According to Virgo and Neptune,
There'll soon be the dickens to pay.
Mad Mercury, eager to pain us,
Will drive us to bankruptcy soon;
And because we've offended Uranus,
Ere long we'll be "shooting the Moon!"

To think on my lorn and my lone back
A burden like this they should lay!
And the chances of getting my own back
On the stars are remoter than they!
But NEXT *year (if then I exist) I*
Am bound to be horribly poor;
So, unlike Master Oliver Twist, I
Shall certainly not ask for Moore!

. . . . . .

LEAGUE football, like Gaul, would seem to be divided into three parts: the Ref, the Rough and the Riff-raff.

THE film, "Bethlehem," may be shown again during the Christmas holidays. Last year several well-known financiers declared that, though they liked the picture, they were unable to follow the story!

. . . . . .

IT is being hotly debated in theatrical circles whether Balaam's or the Actors' Ass. is the more remarkable.

. . . . . .

WE recently asked a prominent astronomer whether it was true that the earth was near to the newly-discovered comet. He replied, "far from it."

. . . . . .

THE Cabinet say that Russia is playing a lone hand. Leave 'em alone but not lend 'em a loan, is our advice.

. . . . . .

UNUSUAL activity is reported among the cat tribe at Aldershot whenever "Lights Out" is sounded.

. . . . . .

A MOTHER writes to say that she finds it difficult to keep her daughter in clothes. Those evening frocks *are* cut rather low, aren't they?

. . . . . .

AN attractive girl, who had been masquerading as a man, was recently found to be the head of a notorious house-breaking gang. She would seem to be a sort of hybrid Bill Psyche.

. . . . . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—No, we have never heard either Lord Wimborne or Lord Wodehouse described as the English Polo-nius.

HARTLEY CARRICK

By BATCHELOR

A JUST-SO STORY

SHE: "I confided the secret of our engagement to three of my dearest friends"
HE: "Three all told?"
SHE: "Yes, all told!"

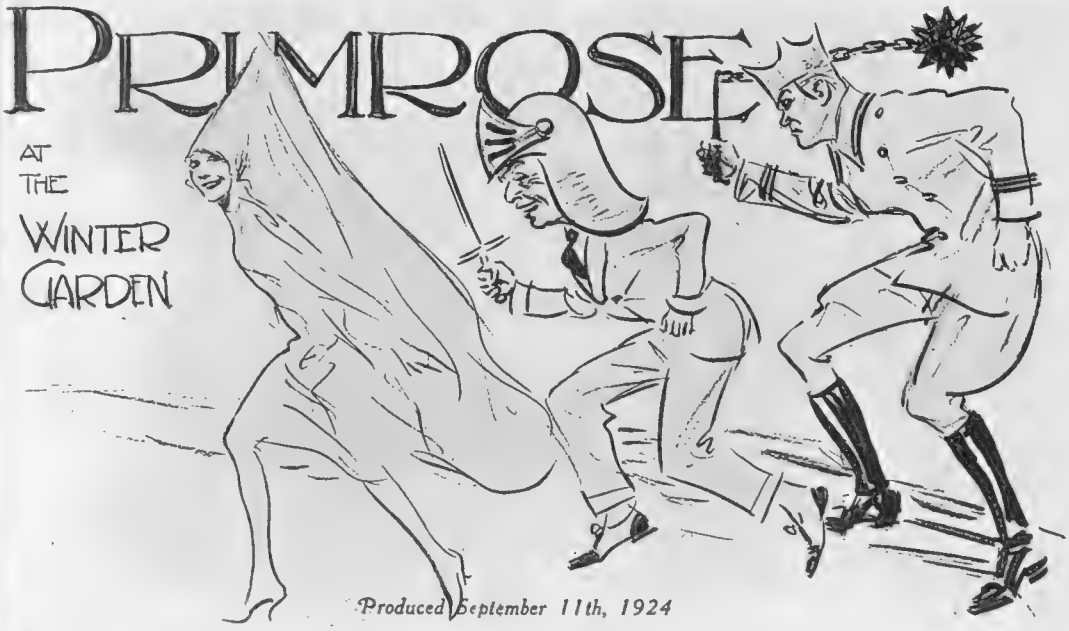
The Fall of the Year

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of unfortunate happening that must inevitably spoil the efforts of even the best super-film producers in autumnal settings

PRIMROSE

AT THE WINTER GARDEN



Produced September 11th, 1924

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

If I were one of those shallow people who avail themselves of alliteration's artful aid in order to give particular point to palpable platitudes, I should be tempted to describe this delightful entertainment as a mixture of melody, mirth, and mannequins. But I am pleased to say that I am above this cheap method of obtaining a telling effect. Mr. George Gershwin's music appears to be highly in favour; while the very taking tune to the words, "Wait a Bit, Susie," is by intelligent anticipation of a wide popularity, repeated again and again during the first act. There is no more story than you expect in a musical play where the chief interest lies in the songs and the humour. The charm of this production is the romantic singing of Mr. Percy Heming on the one hand, and the riotous humour of Mr. Leslie Henson, on the other hand, each to each. Mr. Henson, indeed, bubbles over with fun to such an extent that I am not surprised to hear that he has taken to editing a popular magazine in his spare time in order to find a vent for jokes that would otherwise be lost to the world.

HEATHER THATCHER THOMAS WEGUELIN AND LESLIE HENSON

Miss Margery Hicklin is Joan, the lovely young heroine who seems at first destined to pair off with Freddie Falls (Mr. Claude Hulbert). That, at least, is the programme outlined by Sir Benjamin Falls, an eccentric old gentleman who is chiefly occupied in receiving messages from spooks roaming at random in space. But it would be perfectly impossible to allow the obvious to happen so suddenly as that, even in musical comedy, and a complication is therefore introduced in the shape of Hilary Vane (Mr. Percy Heming), a Novelist. Mr. Vane writes apparently the ordinary kind of up-to-date gush for girls; and he would seem to be a "best seller" or something nice of that kind, since he runs a roomy houseboat and employs a man-servant to look after his simple needs. Medium sellers do not, I believe, run to little luxuries of the kind. Mr. Vane appears to have anchored his houseboat alongside Joan's front garden in which he sits at a rustic table pouring out sweet sticky tales of love of the kind that enterprising publishers pay for by the lineal yard.

Joan has taken the liberty of peeping occasionally at Mr. Vane's manuscripts during his temporary absence from work, as she is particularly keen on seeing whether the fellow marries the girl, or not, in the last chapter. When Vane and Joan meet you can see in a minute that although Joan is nominally affianced to F. Falls, she isn't making goo-goo eyes at the Novelist for the mere fun of the thing. Indeed Mr. Vane, finding her so greatly interested in his work, confides to her his secret intention of making the heroine of his story marry the man of her guardian's choice. Finding, rather significantly, that Joan does not regard this as a particularly happy ending, he gazes into the depths of her limpid eyes, and promises her that the heroine shall marry quite another young man altogether. There is nothing like making your story true to life, especially if you think of impersonating one of the characters yourself, and translating fiction into fact at an early date.

VERA LENNOX AS MAY ROOKER

Mr. Leslie Henson is Toby Mopham, one of the Bright Young People, who, according to him, cause Mayfair to lose its sleep when they are absent from Town. Toby's difficulty at the moment is that he has become involved in an entanglement with Mme. Frazeline (otherwise known as Pinkie Peach), who has invented a new kind of hair restorer for the world of fashion at a fashionable price, and the girl positively entertains the delusion that he intends to marry her. Quaint

ideas some girls get hold of, don't they? About this time Toby has a rollicking little song about the distinguished record of the Mophams, and how they have fought at Agincourt and Piccadilly Circus, and other landmarks of English history. The costumes of himself and his partners are changed with every verse detailing this proud family record, and the song is extremely bright and ingenious.

The second act takes place outside the Hotel Splendide, Le Bouquet; and the girls are just as splendid as the hotel. The costumes and frocks are all of an appealing brilliance, and are well calculated to make the man whose wife hasn't "a thing to wear" explain to her confidentially that they have run out of cheque books at his bank, and won't be having any more in for a month or so. I think the gorgeous dresses in this scene will inspire a lot of marital mendacity of the kind. In this scene Joan and Freddie (they are still officially engaged) have an amusing little duet as to the ways of modern marriage. After the wedding she will live in Berkeley Square, and he will hang out in a cottage at Kew, though some men as soon as they realise they are positively married, just emigrate and leave it at that.

Mr. Henson has a stirring duet with Mr. Hulbert, the burden of which is, "Isn't it terrible what they did to Mary Queen of Scots?" which is an extremely well-written piece of nonsense. Mr. Hulbert proves to be a dancer of very acrobatic quality. He breaks off in the middle of a set of complicated steps to turn somersaults and things, and gets his nice clothes all dusty from contact with the stage flooring; and then he trips off at the wings and comes back a moment later, bright, bonny, and beautifully brushed. Miss Heather Thatcher, as Pinkie Peach, is as usual one of the very bright features of the entertainment. She sings daintily, and dances and skips about with the lightness of a dear gazelle. Now and again, stalwart gentlemen of the chorus hold her aloft in the air while she gives a graceful double-high-kick, dazzling the spectator with her buoyancy, and the wealth of her lingerie. Indeed I should think any expert in this branch of art could name the several garments displayed, correctly, and in their right order.

Toby has gone to Le Bouquet to escape the unwelcome attentions of Pinkie Peach, and by the unwritten law of musical comedy it follows that she is one of the first persons he meets there. By a happy chance someone is needed to impersonate a learned professor who can look into the future and identify almost anything except the winner of the next race. Toby at once volunteers for the job, and presently appears as a sort of modern Zadkiel. This is all very good fun, and Toby manages to conceal his identity very successfully from the pursuing Pinkie Peach, until his mother, Lady Sophia Mopham, arrives on the scene in her wheeled chair. No disguise can hope to deceive a mother's eye, and Ma gives the game away at once, highly indignant that her Toby should be found masquerading in such a foolish costume. Still, while the impersonation lasted, Mr. Henson made us all laugh very much, and we ask no more from a popular comedian than that. *Primrose* is clearly another Winter Garden success, and it will no doubt enjoy the usual lengthy run.

Jingle

PARISIANA By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"Gloria Swanson in 'Madame Sans-Gêne'"

MES AMIS—

IT is always pleasant to meet people who have not been spoiled by success, for it is not an over-frequent occurrence. Failures are often far more fascinating, having no incentive to pose. Taking tea yesterday afternoon with Miss Gloria Swanson, who would certainly have much justification for being proud, I found that, so far from being haughty, she was almost timid about tackling the leading rôle in the film "Madame Sans-Gêne." With the exception of an Englishman, Mr. Warwick Ward, all the people in the cast are French and this was Miss Swanson's reason for diffidence. She said she felt under the shadow of the great Rejane, which is an "enveloping" — almost an eclipsing — shadow, of course, but that it should be Miss Swanson herself who calls it up is a tribute to her modesty.

AFTER that, one can but wish her a triumphant success. It has been my lot to meet many of the well-puffed "stars" of the films, and the temptation to ask them to rest from puffing themselves out like pouter pigeons for just a few minutes has been hard to resist. Some of them seem quite unable to refrain from trying to demonstrate that they really are, in the flesh, as angelic or as magnificent as they appear on the screen. Douglas Fairbanks is an exception, and it was delightful to find that Gloria Swanson is as natural and unaffected as the high-spirited "Doug."

DINING the other night at Maxim's, one could not help but think of poor M. Cornuché, taking the "cure" at Royat. There is always a tendency to "rag" M. Cornuché, good-humouredly, of course, for the extravagance of Deauville and Cannes, but nobody likes to think of him as a sick man. After all, if M. Cornuché has created the most expensive amusements in the world, he has, at least, tried to give the best that money could procure, both in the way of luxury *menus* and entertainment, and that cannot be said of everyone who has pulled hard at the pockets of the very rich.

"Angelic and magnificent as they appear on the screen"

IT must be hard to furnish these epicurean *répas* and then have to close one's eyes, but at Royat M. Cornuché shuns the groaning tables and buries himself in books. I felt sorry for him as I watched a *gourmand* order half a pint of cream and pour it into a plate of already rich, thick soup. A kindred sort of crime, by the way, is alleged against General Dawes —who gave his name to The Plan. It is said that during a complimentary banquet at a *restaurant de choix* he dared to put mustard in the wondrous *potage* that the *chef* had prepared in his honour, and that when the subtly perfumed *sole normande* was served he audaciously added honey. At the sight of this, goes the story (which may have been invented by his Democrat opponents), the scandalised *restaurateur* commented, "Maybe he has a wonderful Plan, but I would never confide to him the charge of my kitchen."

MAXIM'S, by the way, has again become excellent for lunching and dining, after a temporary lapse, and as it is one of the few bright places in the centre where a meal can be obtained at almost any hour, that is particularly advantageous. The cooking is as good as in the best days and the waiters are anxious to be assured at the end that you have dined well. The Cornuché tradition has been revived. It is to be hoped that the revival is permanent.

WHEN M. Cornuché has completed his cure he will have to face a new problem, for Dinard is, apparently, threatening to be a serious rival. Of course, it has throughout been the main counter-attraction to Deauville in the summer, with the advantage of a longer "season," but the new display of enterprise in winter may place it on a new pinnacle if it happens to get the essential boom. The

(Continued on page 112)

Reflex-ions

Photograph *De Mirjian Studios*

MISS FLORA LEA

As she appears in "Artists and Models" at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York

opening of Dinard Casino in winter could lead to very big things. After all, the weather in this part of Brittany is generally very mild all the year round, and though the journey to the Riviera is made exceedingly comfortable in these days, it is none the less a long journey.

A MONTE CARLO on the Channel coast might attract a section of people who cannot spare sufficient time to make it worth while to go South. A "long week-end" on the Mediterranean is impossible, but it could be made feasible at Dinard, especially if a service of fast packets were established for these waters similar to those which operate in the Narrows. Dinard's experiment is full of interest to England, and there is already a big British colony in the neighbourhood.

WITH the first of the operettes of the season—*Troublez-Moi*, at the Bouffes-Parisiens—M. Yves Mirande has had the expected success, for M. Mirande has nothing but success on the stage. His reputation as a humorist is, in fact, so solidly established that when he sought to enter Parliament he could not persuade the electors to believe that that was not another of his jokes. Though working in a less edifying atmosphere, Yves Mirande employs one of the favourite tricks of George Bernard Shaw, for he indulges in a lot of impertinence towards Parisians and induces Parisians to revel in it. In *Troublez-Moi* he succeeds in persuading them to obtain humour from an income tax-collector. That might not seem to you a very great achievement, as jests about the income-tax man are part of the musty stock-in-trade of many English comedians, but if you could realise how very sore Parisians are about the comparatively new income tax you would appreciate the talent of this revue manufacturer. Mirande can also furnish without undergoing the censure that would fall on other authors, jokes which even hard-trained Parisians regard as very "saucy." *Troublez-Moi* is one of those revues that are not likely to be seen on the London stage, even after "adaptation."

"The Parisians feel sore about the new income-tax"

THE new comedy at the Théâtre Michel, *Le Mari d'Aline*, by M. Noziere, is also of the "strong" type, for its subject is that of a "kept" husband. It is well-written, but most people are of the opinion that it is rather too ruggedly done and that it would have gained had it been treated more lightly. By being over-harsh in the development of the "situations," M. Noziere pushes into cynicism instead of the gentle irony with which Parisian playgoers are familiar. This has had the effect of creating the impression that the play is too big for the little Théâtre Michel, which is accustomed to comedies being light and frolicsome.

PARIS mannequins are beginning to feel that the vogue of the slim silhouette should not be pressed to any greater lengths. They consider, in fact, that the fashion has lasted long enough for it is becoming a severe strain on their powers of self-denial. After all, they say, they were not brought up like jockeys, trained from their youth to keep thin. For over twelve months now they have only been able to indulge in *patisserie* at the peril of becoming too big for their jobs, which is just as bad as not being big enough. Until *la mode* is changed they dare not risk the "cake" walk. RENÉ

"Order half a pint of cream"

THOSE SEASIDE HOTELS

A Soothing Chorus for Disgruntled Visitors

DINNER bad? Yes, it was!
But the coffee is worse;
Yet we drink it becos
We don't want to converse.

FOR the fellows who sleep
At this rotten hotel,
Are as stupid as sheep
And as boring as————. Well,

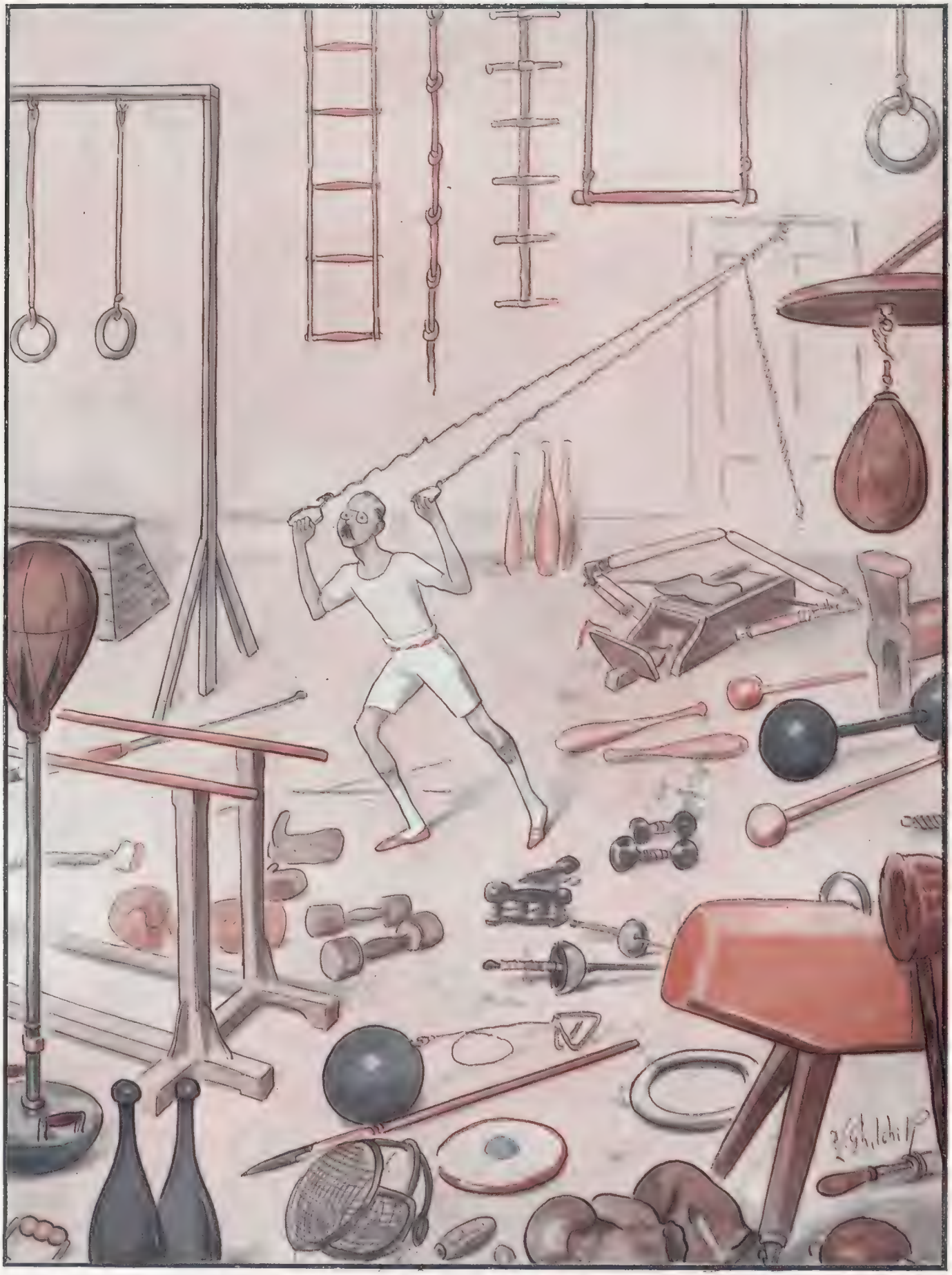
THEY can't frivol for nuts,
They can't argue for toffee,
So pray for your . . . digestive apparatus,
And swallow your coffee!
Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

W. R. TITTERTON

In Haute Savoie

BY BLAM

SUR LA TERRACE—LAC D'ANNECY



THE GLORY OF A MAN LIES IN HIS STRENGTH—

BY D. L. GHILCHIK

—THE STRENGTH OF A WOMAN LIES IN HER BEAUTY

BY ALBERT BAILEY

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE MOTH

LESSER LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

III.—THE BULL FROG

"There's a delicious roué of a lamp-post in the middle of the room"

THIS endroit might have been aptly called "The Hiawathan Club," because of the over-riding personalities of Chibiabos, the Musician, and the very strong man, Kwasind. There is a third, who runs the catering, but I cannot fit him into Longfellow's immortal picture, somehow. There are also Laughing Waters in abundance, after 11 p.m., in fact at no other Lesser Light of London that I know do you see quite so many pretty women in so small a space. And they call it unromantically "The Bull Frog," goodness knows why.

Chibiabos—his real name has an historical tang of Roman Emperors about it quite out of keeping with the simplicity of the place—is a writer of song and dance music of no mean order, and is one of those gifted mortals who can drift on from melody to tinkling melody with his head turned away from the piano; and he is known to thousands of lesser light people. He rouses the green flame of envy in me because he looks unblemished at 2 p.m., having gone to bed at 5 a.m., whereas you and I——.

Kwasind is one of those strong, though by no means silent, men who deal with the social side of the business, a Cerberus guarding the Portal; quite the right sort of person to have about the place when the dined fraternity with the long cigars and the solitaire in the wide shirt-front arrive from the Swash-buckler's Annual Banquet and demand entry. They go thirsty away; and my great and abiding joy is to see Kwasind coping with them.

A lady of pronounced presence, not inconsiderable means, and a well-known name, arrived, jewel-bespangled, the other night at the doors of this enchanting little club and commenced the usual preamble by imparting the sensational news that she was an *honorary* member of Nero's, The Lilliputians, The Dust Hole, The Apaches Galleries, and all the resorts of the Rectitudes and—er—what about it? Kwasind looked her over, as strong men in all the best-sellers look women over, and said, "Why?" No more, no less. There was an empty pause. . . . But why do people with money invariably try to get the good things of this life for nothing, while you and I pay and go on paying with a blithe spirit and a rapidly emptying pocket? I suppose inherent slimness of means breeds a self-conscious shame in us that is lacking in some of these recently acquired Boeotians. And, to add to her eternal shame, the annual subscription to this gay little place is one guinea per annum!

How Kwasind manages to combine, in the daytime, the control of a steel and iron business with a side line in the sale of silk stockings *en gros*, passes this writer's understanding. He is a man of parts. He is also a man of resource. Witness, for example, the impending and imminent *débâcle* twenty hours before the night when the Bull Frog first croaked to the world at large. It never rains misfortune, it pours. This trio of enterprising men had experienced a drenching. The club premises were there in all their pristine loveliness of transformation. Drink had been laid in, almost enough for a club's opening night, which is in itself a startling record. But no food had arrived, not a chair, not a table, and *no piano*. There was also a nice little transport strike being waged at the moment. Five hundred invitations had

"And inside nobody minds"

(Continued on page 120)

Tartan Time at Scone Park, Perth

LORD INVERCLYDE AND MISS STEWART, FROM CASTLE WEMYSS

LADY ALICE SCOTT AND MR. JAMES DRUMMOND MORAY, FROM ABERCAIRNY

CAPTAIN DRUMMOND OF MEGGINCH CASTLE AND A FRIEND

CAPTAIN STEWART AND MISS ISMAY, FROM ARDOCH HOUSE

Photographs

The Perth Hunt 'Chases at Scone Park, Perth, is one of the principal events of the autumn season in Central Scotland. This year's meeti of the meeting, was largely attended by house-parties from neighbouring counties, and, needless to say, eightsome reels and other Highla

ociety at the Perth Hunt Steeplechases

LADY MARJORIE MURRAY, LADY JANET CAMPBELL AND MR. DUNCAN STIRLING, FROM ABERCAIRNY

THE HON. MARGARET FORBES-SEMPILL AND MR. CAMERON HADEN

MR. J. STEWART, OF ARDVORLICH, AND MISS CARNEGIE

Topical

no exception to the rule of success that attends the annual Perth Hunt 'Chases. The Perth Hunt Ball, held on two successive nights es formed the bulk of the programme. Commodore Sir Malcolm Macgregor of Macgregor, Bart., was this year's Preses of the Hunt

been issued, which meant that in the attraction of something for nothing, at least 483 people would turn up, on their own ticket or that of a friend. The three men looked at each other a little and said quite a lot. Then Kwasind, metaphorically speaking, took all his coats off and "got down to it." Nineteen and a half hours later everything had been conjured out of space, including the absolutely essential piano, lent by a friend in Chelsea and transported by a furniture remover from Finchley who "didn't hold with strikes."

The Bull Frog has not long been the nightly resort of the young and dazzling. A few months ago it was a motor tyre repairing depot. Picture to yourself a dreary place with a knobbly concrete floor, the walls hung with dirty tyres in various stages of decay, an overpowering smell of rubber solution, the incessant clang of hammers on tyre jacks, and morose men in stained overalls bending to their dull jobs.

Look at it now, after Hugh Gee, the scenic designer, has been let loose therein. It is a gay little place of canary-coloured walls, post office red beams picked out with a green line (a peculiar green that you can only get from some old Chinaman in the depths of Limehouse) and black and red benches round and about. There is a species of flood-lighting from globes hidden in the beams, and there is a delicious *roué* of a lamp-post in the middle of the room, black, red, and green. It is in reality a pole holding the ceiling up, but it has camouflaged itself into gayness to suit its company. There is quite exceptionally good ventilation—a refreshing thing to find in any dance club—and an unexpected cleanliness and daintiness about everything, including the half-crown dinner. One of the intriguing secrets of the place is the insidious green line wandering round walls and beams. Your eyes keep on catching it arrestingly. That old Chinaman knew a thing or three!

There are other secrets here, too, some told, some guessed—few kept, in the young eyes that glance at other eyes beyond the lamp-post opposite. There is a place to tell just a hint of them on a long verandah running the length of the building outside, under a summer night sky. The fact that underneath the verandah is an open-air garage, where the plutocrats' cars are parked, their owners, no doubt, lolling on richly upholstered sofa seats at the big Night Lights, is of no consequence. Chibiabos is playing the right kind of dance music. Little spears of orange light stab the darkness through open windows. There is the "D-R-U-P, D-R-U-P" of dancing feet within—and without, just you two. . . . If you stand very quietly on the verandah when Chibiabos stops tickling the keyboard you can hear the dull drone of the night life all about you; hear Piccadilly Circus muttering in its sleep; hear the "swish" of hoses washing the blank faces of the streets; the owl hoot of a taxi turning out of the Haymarket. It is all very soothing, and disturbing.

And inside, nobody minds that the inflexible law about no drinks after eleven holds inviolate. They don't want them; not really. Of the six hundred members, most are from the stage, hence, possibly, a good deal of the gaiety and *joie de vivre* that permeates the club. Theatrical people have the gift of imparting an air of spontaneous gaiety and innocent abandon wherever they are, whatever their particular trouble is at the moment. You see here the public schoolboy learning his job in another and a much harder school; the girl who has just emerged from some school of dramatic art; the others, still quite young, who have already begun to climb the steep, slippery ladder which stretches from stage to stage, whose names are already known; and some whose names have been bandied about on electric sky-signs, hoardings and passing buses for many a long day and night.

Because of their elusive and inimitable presences the Bull Frog croaks most merrily on Friday nights. The mere playgoer may wonder why Friday night particularly? The player will tell him, usually with emphasis, often with adjective—but always with the gay smile of fortitude which is their chief charm.

CHINA NIGHTS—BUT NOT THE LIMEHOUSE VARIETY

By Helen McKie

An impression of *La Nuit Chinoise*, one of the new series of Sunday night *diners fleuris* at the Hotel Metropole. These delightful diners dansants are now held in the same hall as the Midnight Follies, not in the smaller dining-room upstairs as was formerly the case

YOGO HAMA ON PARLIAMENTARY LORE

"Non-transparent police bobs"

MOST DEAR HON SIR—

No doubtfully many innumerous ageds and other nervish persons will enjoy to sleep on their beds more easeishly now that Hon. Parliament has re-met to assemble for considering wisely new troubles and catastrophics which threaten to ingulf us and the best ways to meet them. Also our Hon. politicals will eschew new Bills and other wise Laws which not anybody wants, but must suffer, otherwisely saidly politicals would scornishly reject to accept their 400£ an annum and retire with deepish dudgeons into their private lives and leave us to all go to Hon. Devil as we could. Consider to yourself, Hon. Sir; how non-describably cataclysmic it should be if there were not any of these sagacious Laws, so we could commit wicked sins as making to purchase 1 ozs. of smoking tobacco after 8 p.m., or squenching our thirsts so late as 11 or 12 p.m., and other inestimable horrors! We should all become very evil and non-pure and Grt. Britain would speedishly go to the damn canines like the rise and fall of ancient Rome, Babylon and other non-licensed cities which did not have early-closing hours and suchly civilised blessings.

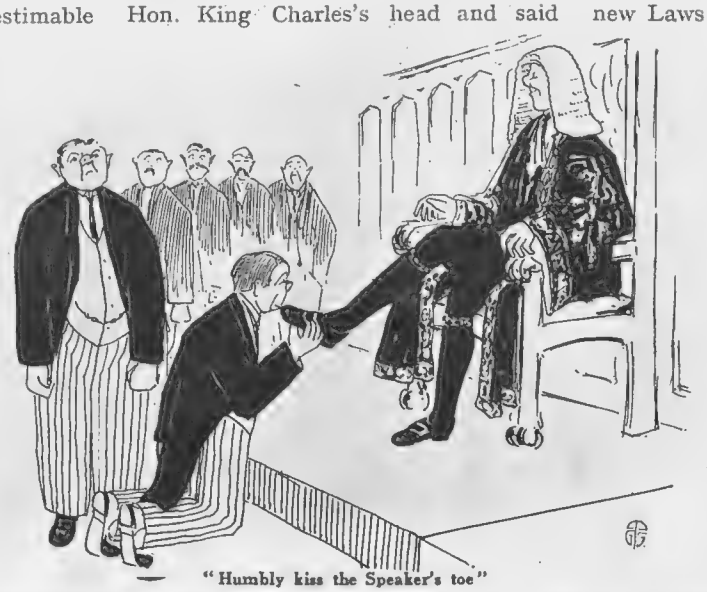
"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to imbottle these cynics and do not be so non-respectful to Hon. politicals who strain to make us good by inventing new sins for us not to commit," you repop? All so well, Hon. Sir, I shall now become very non-partial and depict what follows in words which shall not bring blushes or other innuendoes to the faces of the purest maidens, masc or femn.

Kindly to permit I should 1-stly append a few historical datas for benefit of non-learneds, if any. Hon. British Parliament, *mes enfants*, was invent by Hon. Sir Magna Charta in years ago A.D. This caused to make Hon. Sir King John very upset so that he lost his head in the Wash and was not ever recovered or seen again. All Anglo persons should be very glad to Hon. Sir Magna, because his parliament has given them lots of good liberties which, howeverly, I cannot think to enumerate this moment. After some years, Hon. Sir O. Cromwell, Bart., raised himself from making beer to become an M.P. and grew very cross because Hon. King Charles and other pretenders drank so many numerous gals of beer, not any was left for the poor and non-titled persons. He rose with an Army, marched to Trafalgars Square and sang the Red Flag for a revolution. He then went to the Parliaments house, decapitated Hon. King Charles's head and said the famous words, "Remove this bubble." He then made some wise Bills to not serve with beer juvenines under 14, invented the Bottle and Jug department and died of good works which still live. (Extract from Prof. Y. Hama's History of England. Vol. 1.)

"Seek to discover plots and bombs"

The opening of Parliament are very gorge and state affair which not any persons should miss who can avoid it. It are very delicious spectacular to witness Hon. Sir Lord Mayor's coach of golden ginger-bread, also the Horse, Life, Fire and other Guards, the theological persons in cabs to give good blessings and then the Hon. M.P.'s 2 by 2 clad in top hats and other robes of state. This information I have receive from very tallish friend, because myself I could not witness the spectacular on a/c of the so numerous and non-transparent police bobs. Before Hon. politicals enter the Parliament, Yeomen of the beef-eaters regiment seek to discover plots and bombs or other treasons in the coal-cellar and basements, which might combust to blow up the M.P.'s and disintegrate them to extremely small and non-useful pieces. This would be very awful catastrophics, because many 1,000's of new Laws and other good Bills would be lost to space and we should become very illegal because of not knowing them.

If not any bombs, bulletins or other explosives are discover, then the M.P.'s go in from the rain, but must leave their umbrellas with a specially prepared person, so they shall not bandy blows to the head with them when excited by making good Laws. They must promise not to perform treasons, but only to fight for England's home and beauties, also to strain to make everybody happy and rich, non-regardless of tax-paying and other wicked



"Humbly kiss the Speaker's toe"

persons. They then all fall into a cue and must march to humbly kiss the Speaker's toe to show they think only of goodish works and not of the 400£ an annum which it so pains them to receive.

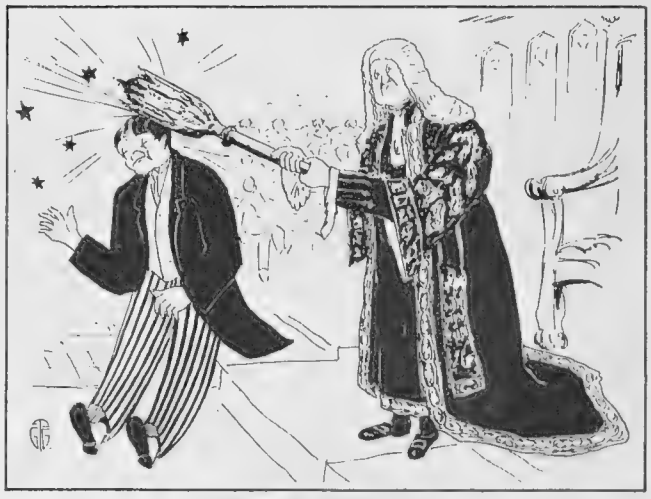
The British House of Parliaments are divide into Ayes and Noes. Sometimes the Ayes have it and sometimes the Noes have it and sometimes not any of them have it, but only a draw with not any goals to nil.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to inform what prize or other trophy the saidly Ayes and Noes have," you requesh?

This are very non-easy conundrum to crack, because sometimes the Ayes and Noes do not know, but must fight to a finish notwithstandingly. The Whips (authentic persons armed with scorpions) lash the non-fortunate Ayes and Noes who become so infuriate they have a committee on the spot. When the combat are finish, the Whips count very scrupulously the survivors (if any). If the Aye survivors add up more numerously than the Noes, the Ayes have it, if not then it becomes *vice versa*. The Whips then run to inform the Hon. Speaker who, if the Ayes have won, he writes it in a book to become a new Law and Bills are sent to the police emporiums, so that the bobs shall know when persons are guilty of breaking it and are mulct 40s. as a 1-st offence. If, in the contrary, the Noes have won, it does not become a Law and persons may non-obey same without mulcts.

"Sometimes the Ayes have it and sometimes the Noes"

Sometimes Hon. M.P.'s forget to sustain good etiquettes and fall into a committee in front of Hon. Speaker. This are awful breach of his peace and liable to severish penalties which they speedishly obtain. Hon. Speaker seizes to obtain his Mace (a very ancient weapon invented by armoured persons for exchanging blows of the head with) and with saidly Mace he impounds the offender's head till he weeps for mercy. If his head does not respond to aforesaidly whacks, he suffers suspension and other tender hooks.



"Impounds the offender's head"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that innumerous ignoramus persons shall acquire historical benefits from these good researches, also that you suffer continual good healths, I remain

Yogo Hama

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

REST BEFORE BATTLE

A group of North Berwick golfing enthusiasts enjoying an "easy" before starting the daily struggle with Colonel Bogey. The photograph shows: Lady Hampden (left), Colonel Stanley Barrie and his daughter Jean, Mrs. Wethered, Miss Joyce Wethered, Mr. Jack Follett, Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald with her daughter, Miss Jean Follett, Sir John Fitz-Gerald, Mr. Frank Chaplin and Mr. Wethered

The Generous View

BY STAN TERRY

"How do you like these two guinea silk stockings I treated myself to?"
"Well, I think it's money well spent. At least thirty bob's worth is always visible!"

Photograph *Abbé*

"WHERE WOOD-NYMPHS SPORT IN SYLVAN GLADE"

Mme. Pavlova with her dancing partner and members of the corps de ballet in an artistic setting in one of the ballets which she presented during her recent season at Covent Garden. The repertory included "Don Quixote," "Autumn Leaves," and—of course—"The Swan."

A NOVEL TREASURE HUNT

FOR BYSTANDER READERS

£100—THE PRIZE

Readers Anywhere can Chase the Clues and Compete

WE announce to-day the details of a novel Treasure Hunt Competition for ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, which will be found to be as diverting as it is simple.

There is no secret about the hidden treasure. It is £100, and the prize will be found where the Hunt ends.

Actually the Hunt will develop into a test of BYSTANDER readers' knowledge of London, but that will not confine participation in "the chase" to those living in or around the Empire's Capital.

It is one of the happy aspects of this fascinating new competition that it involves no wild tearing about the streets of London at all hours of the day and night, in front or on the heels of a crowd all having the same objective. Indeed, you are not obliged to do any special travelling in pursuing your clues. You need not brave bad weather—there will be no waste of valuable time. You can "hunt" in comfort, choosing your own time and place, anywhere—at home, in motor-car, train or omnibus—*and anyone anywhere, at home or abroad,* who is familiar with London or has an informative map or guide to the Metropolis, can enter with equal zest and is assured of an equal chance of running the treasure to its hiding-place.

THIS IS THE IDEA. Two Country Cousins on their first visit to London, have called on us for advice as to visiting certain places. We have arranged that they shall go to these places in their own way and that they shall describe their journeyings briefly, though perhaps a little mysteriously, indicating certain points of special interest without naming them.

These "certain points" will provide a series of clues which will ultimately lead to the treasure.

All you have to do to be "in the running" is to study Quest No. 1, on this page, and to travel with our Country Cousins in your imagination (of course if you are in London there is nothing to prevent you making the actual journey) and try to discover the names of the Clues hidden in the underlined and numbered sections of their description.

QUEST No. I

Leaving our hotel, the name of which always reminds us of opera, we refused to purchase any bananas, and strolled past a theatre famous both for melodrama and a tragedy.(1) Then we turned and must have lost our way somewhat, for we found ourselves suddenly transported to the country, with the familiar atmosphere of fruit and vegetables all around.(2) Leaving here, we passed through several streets and entered a large open space, containing a statue which every Briton must look up to.(3) Then we turned again into a broad thoroughfare, famous in history,(4) passed a great Government office, bowed our heads reverently,(5) and came at length to our destination—a place not loved by those who chafe under the restriction of human laws.(6)

Having solved the first set of clues, write them clearly in the first coupon printed at the foot of this page.

Three more Treasure Hunt Coupons will be published—they will appear in THE BYSTANDER only—one in the next issue, and the other two in succeeding numbers. They will, of course, appear with the remaining Quests, Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which will carry the Hunt to the Golden Goal.

Keep the coupons containing your solved clues until you have the complete set of four. The closing date and directions for posting your clues will be published with the last coupon.

RULES

OF THE TREASURE HUNT

1. All attempts must be made on our Treasure Hunt Coupons neatly cut from THE BYSTANDER.

2. Competitors may send in as many sets of coupons as they please, but each set must be fastened together, and will be treated as a separate entry.

3. The Editor has the right to disqualify any Competitor for what he may consider good and sufficient reason, and his decision regarding any question relating to this Competition must be accepted as final, and legally binding by all Competitors.

4. No responsibility can be accepted for any Coupon lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be regarded as proof of delivery or receipt.

5. Unstamped or insufficiently stamped entries will be refused.

6. No correspondence can be entered into respecting this Competition.

TREASURE HUNT COUPON.

SOLUTIONS TO QUEST No. 1

*Clue 1*_____ *Clue 4*_____

*Clue 2*_____ *Clue 5*_____

*Clue 3*_____ *Clue 6*_____

I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

*Competitor's Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

NOTE.—Write in Ink and Block Letters only, and cut out Coupon neatly round the border line.

The Caba Road to R-ruin!

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Harmless frivolity"

LONDON, *October* 6

DEAR COUSIN—

Is dancing immoral and are cabarets a curse? Sounds a little bit sudden, I know, but not half so drastic as some of the talk that's so almost incredibly going around 'bout our (so we'd hitherto thought) 'paratively blameless though frivolous recreations and entertainments.

You'd think, to listen to 'em, that we were all rapidly and fatally rushing down the road to R-ruin and also dragging the whole British nation down with a Tinkle-tinkle crash-crash, just 'cos some nights we act'lly sit up and dance and sup till 2 a.m.—or are allowed to, anyway, if we want to. Which is rather 'n important distinction really, 'cos you might quite easily 'magine it was compulsory (to hear some of 'em talk), and anyone going to bed sooner, punishable with prison or a fine.

Hearken and list for a brief spell or tick, f'rinstance, to what Mr. George Graves saith, who, being a very nice actor of sorts himself, which profesh. is rather given to staying up late-ish and watching the more or less distant approach of the milk in quite a cheerful kind of manner—well, you'd quite possibly 'xpect him, wouldn't you, to be rather in favour of our innocent midnight revelries aforesaid than not? As a sort of culmination of a pleasat evening at the theatre, I mean, and kind of testimony you've enjoyed yourself so well listening to (say) the ancient and honourable anecdote of Hetty the Hen, that you don't in the least want it all to come to an end just yet.

But no. Quite the cont., in fact, and pos'tively diametric opposite. Sheer decadent debauchery . . . says Mr. Graves about the cabarets. Just like that. Sends a shock and a shiver all down your spine, doesn't it? Unhealthy and demoralising. . . . And recalls the orgies of the last days of the Roman Empire. . . . But isn't that last just a bit disappointing, by the way, to some of our most cherished traditions? Had always really rather hugged the idea, I mean, that those last-day Romans had something really exotically frightful up their sleeves, and been rather thrilled by hardly daring even to begin to imagine what. And now Mr. Graves goes and tells us it was only something like what we're perpetrating nightly at Prince's or the Piccadilly or the Café de Paris or the Met. Follies or whatnot.

Flossie Fairbanks and her troupe of twelve Midnight Beauties, to start with, f'rinstance, as first item in the programme of demoralising debauchery. Amid a hush of breathless silence—only broken by a German gentleman in the third row of tables

"Send a shock all down your spine"

from the front trying to cram in an extra more-than-mouthful of pheasant *über Alles*—

> Flossie comes along
> And sings a little song.
> We cannot hear a word—
> So she doesn't get the bird. . . .

As the poet (meaning me) says. But if you *could* hear 'em, I think and greatly fear you wouldn't, anyway, be *shocked* having caught (in the intervals of 1,000 h.p. band and aforesaid Hun expert's activities) just a few, 'tanyrate, demoralisingly debauching remarks about "Tennessee," and "wait for me," and the "old shack," and "come back," and so on and so forth, that wouldn't put the most Puritan canary off his birdseed. And Flossie and troupe all a bit blatantly but desperately decently (have you ever been to Paris?) clad in little pale blue knickerbocker suits with white boots and socks and silver wigs, and oh-so-saucy Gainsborough hats. . . .

Was this what sank a thousand ships, so to speak, and brought Rome crashing down and impotently writhing at the feet of the barbarian hordes? (See Mr. Gibbon and other 'thorities on the subj.) And then there's some juggling (juggling, mark you), and another inrush of Somebody Else's Girls, all full of vim and pep and inarticulately joyous shouts, that shake the floor to its very foundations. . . . And, when they've cantered out, quite probably a Russian chorus that sings the Volga Boat Song quite beautifully . . . a couple of exhibition dancers who make us realise that *we* aren't p'raps, so bad, after all . . . somebody singing about chickens on the farm . . . a wire-walking turn . . . a double-jointed lady who clasps her legs about her neck, poor thing. . . . And then we've arrived at the nice noisy all-together *finale*, and can attend to our foods and drinks again, thank you very much.

(Continued on Page 128).

A Leaf out of Paul Poiret's New Fashion Note Book

Two new Poiret creations. A black and metal tissue frock (left) shows the new jabot effect at the side. On the right is a black marocain frock with bands of red and gold

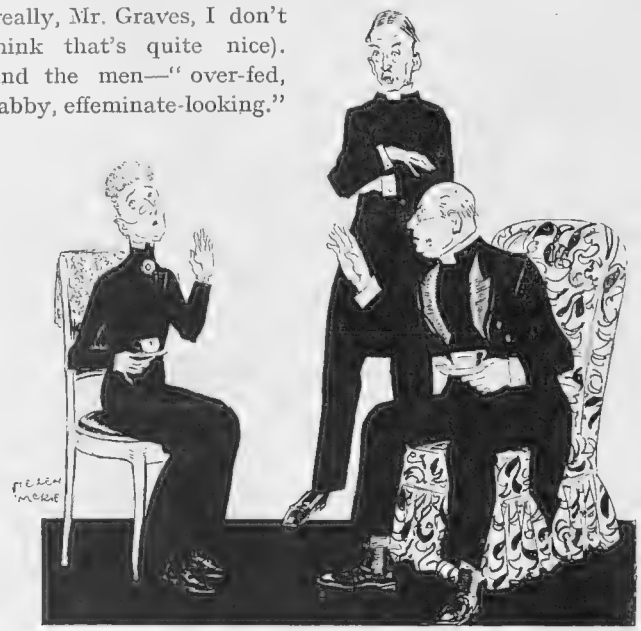
A black velvet evening gown (left) with a striking green tunic. Right: a reversible evening cloak, showing mauve velvet on one side, and a mauve pattern silk (as in our photograph) on the other

Left: the "Electric," a white satin evening frock with bodice of pearls and diamanté. Right: the "Astarte," in black velvet, embroidered down one side with a striking diamanté design

Photographs

Monsieur Paul Poiret engaged on a little wizardry with a length of green satin and a pin or two, whereby the "Minaret" model (see next picture) is fashioned. This picture will of course be of no interest to our male readers

S'POSE it really must be very awful and degrading, 'cos Mr. Graves says so. We're all hollow-eyed girls, it seems (that's us, looking on and longing for the show to stop so's we can eat our next mouthful of quail in peace), or else "painted and scantily clad women" whose faces speak of "perpetual frantic pursuit" (really, Mr. Graves, I don't think that's quite nice). And the men—"over-fed, flabby, effeminate-looking."



"All these Non-Con. parsons and people"

No wonder that every night, 'parently, to "brace ourselves for fresh frolics," we abs'lutely have to indulge in "the fatally simple expedient of a sniff of cocaine."

dissipation and suchlike. All childlike all the time we are, and really meaning to get up early next morning for that round of golf, whatever happens—but still *rather* cross with the so-called authorities if they're going to 'sist on our putting the lights out at twelve or thereabouts just 'cos some of the unco' guid say so. All these Non-Con. parsons and people, I mean, who tell us that dancing rouses our worst passions, and that the way women dress "makes it hard for men to keep straight"—yes, it's a fact, a Welsh gentleman called Jones, who's chairman of a Congregational Union, or something, act'lly remarked *that* the other day. Can you beat it, as they say across the water?

HAVE a sort of uncomfortable feeling 'bout the 'Mericans, by the way, just now, after 'specting that very latest film, *Love and Sacrifice*, of Mr. Griffith's, that was censored out of existence for quite a long while and has only just seen the light over here. All ut the War of Independence, it is, l it really does stir and rake up these troubles and no mistake, so I'm not least surprised the Censor gave it push while our American visitors e over here—and I'm not sure it wouldn't have been better dead altogether, anyway. We and the 'Mericans dislike each other quite healthily enough as it is, 'thout dragging out all these old forgotten feuds to give us a reason why.

TALKING 'bout films, 'Merican enough, too, I s'pose, the Doug. Fairbanks one they call *The Thief of Baghdad*, but not so's you'd notice it. Main topic thereof being the universal and all-appealing one of magic—the wonderful things we'd do if only we could annihilate space and time, and pick up caskets of jewels in odd corners that would place us quite beyond the reach of want—not to say stand us the royal suite at the Carlton or the Ritz. Such lovely things *do* happen in the way of magic carpets and things. *And* those little pills that Doug. keeps throwing on the ground, and then they explode and whole battalions of men for his army springs up out of nothing. . . . .

POS'TIVELY fascinate one, those sort of beautif'ly impossible adventurous things do, don't they? As Phyllis Monkman remarks in *Charlot's Revue*—I may look rather quiet, but I've lots of sou-ou-thern ber-lud. Not altogether unsouthern in some of its little touches, either, this show, 'specially when darling Maisie Gay's being "Truth" and ticking off the girls in the chorus to wit and as folls. :

> You may think your dancing's clever
> Like Pavlova's understudy,
> But I tell you you're mistaken—
> And it's absolutely. . . .

(Loud cheers from the assembled multitude.) Just about *the* most wonderful thing in London at the moment, by the way, aforesaid Maisie's marvellous doings in this really rather joyous revue, more especially, p'raps, when she's being a drawing-room singer and also giving some rather 'orrible knocks at Nora Bayes. Still, no offence taken where none is meant, as they say, what?

record boom in umbrellas"

AND Parliament's sitting again, and the Motor Show at Olympia's on i ext week, and meanwhile, I'm told, there's an abs'lutely unequalled and record boom in umbrellas been agitating the market. I wonder why?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 12.

"ODDFELLOWS ARMS," Caldbeck:—The scene of many meets of the veteran huntsman, John Peel, who died at a ripe old age in 1854. In a room in this plain little inn was written the famous hunting song 'D'ye ken John Peel' which has immortalized the old fox-hunter and his hounds.

Johnnie Walker: "People still sing 'D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey'."

Shade of John Peel: "Aye! but they don't sing about you, they shout for you."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, Kilmarnock, SCOTLAND.

PEOPLE AT PLAY

UPS AND DOWNS. By "PENDARVES"

THEY said, and it almost amounted to an order, "You come up to us for the Race Week. You'll make money—take it from me. We always do. Besides, we've got trainers' stables dotted about all round our place, and it is very seldom that we don't get a 10 to 1 tip or two during the three days——."

This and other things they said of a persuasive and convincing nature, so much so that I felt if I didn't break into one of my last tenners for the railway fare (and there wasn't much change out of that) and plant myself amid this *coterie* of the favoured few who know a lot, I was not the man I used to be.

There are certain fundamental principles about the race meeting I am going to take you to that you cannot ignore if you want to make money. I was receptive to the advantages of all of them, naturally. Firstly, I was told it was a great point being *on the spot* for a big three-days' meeting like this, in the Members' Enclosure, among all the big bookies, some of whom had got horses running. Secondly, my party was on nodding terms with the chieftains of all the neighbouring counties, and, consequently, more likely to get the Real Thing at The Last Moment than the froth of humanity sitting on their twopenny ha'penny tape machines in London and knowing damall about it. Thirdly, and I wasn't to forget this (the port had been round for the third time at dinner) you got the very best horses and the best jockeys and the best "jobs" at this meeting, my boy, than at any other short of Goodwood, Epsom and Ascot—"thanks, just *half* a glass. . . ."

By the way, I have never been perfectly certain what a "job" in racing parlance actually implies. The assumption is that some foxy-faced trainer with close-set eyes gets "on the job" against the bookies and romps home an outsider at 20 to 1. In order to get in on a "job" you have to wait, quiveringly expectant, for information until the horses are at the gate. Then some kind friend with a terribly shrewd face and a pair of Weiss glasses gives you the curt nod to a certain previously whispered horse—and you hare across to the bookies' rails. Whenever I am put in the position to do this, and five minutes afterwards am tearing my betting slip into small shreds, I am told nonchalantly that the thing isn't "spinning." I don't know what this means, either, but the result is the same, anyway!

On the morning of the first day the whole house positively reeked of tips. The cook had one from the milkman, in whom it was said she took more than a technical interest. ("Oh, the milkman, yes, 'strordinry how that feller gets hold of them, he gave us three winners last year.") The butler had a sardonic couple. ("Dam shrewd feller, my man—has the luck of the devil. . . .") The groom who brought the hacks round from the livery stable for the betterment of some of our livers had a "job"—an Irish horse. ("Now that's important. He's a Belfast man—used to be in O'Sullivan's stable over there—we must watch this—what's the thing called, 'Cheap Talk?' H'm. . . .") The chauffeur was quietly confident about a thing called Bag Pipes—and it was said that he wouldn't have a shirt to his back if it lost—but it wouldn't lose—he KNEW. ("God knows how Phillips knows, but he does—doesn't he, Mary?") Fortified with this *embarras de richesses* of peerless information, and some really excellent Sauterne of our host's we sandwiched ourselves into the car and proceeded towards the maelstrom.

The first thing you do on arrival, when you can hear yourself speak, is to suggest going to look at the Parade. "Must see the Parade in the paddock—can often pick 'em out that way. . . ." Personally, the parade conveys nothing to me. They all look perfectly lovely, and I can't visualise any of them being beaten—it seems impossible. Then when the bell rings you scan the jockey's list and the runners and make careful marks on the race-card. All this with puckered brow and an air of shrewdness which tallies ill with your mental confusion.

Thence you proceed to the bookies' rails. Here pandemonium and pushing reigns. Supertax-paying pals of yours from London stand about on the fringe of all this and tell you what they have done in "ponies." And very nice, too. I became enamoured of a gentleman with a voice of brass and a grey bowler. Mr. Lewis, I think he was, from Leeds. I took a fancy to him, a fancy bred of pity, because he seemed to suffer from a distressing form of opthalmia; and also because he had a way of lengthening the price a point suddenly with an air of Crusader recklessness. He began to have a lifelong affection for me towards the end of the meeting, I may say. This was the burden of his melody. "I'll lay 2 to 1 BAR-R-R one. . . . I'll lay 2 to 1 *BAR* one. . . . I'll lay THREE to one barrr one—there y'are. . . ." And then he began to name them. This was the cook's race, the Racketykoo thing she had given. "Here I say, what price Racketykoo?" 'Racketykoo I'll *take* 6 to 4, sir." . . . But you haven't come up here to buy money. And, of course, the Racketykoo thing wins in an ungainly shuffle.

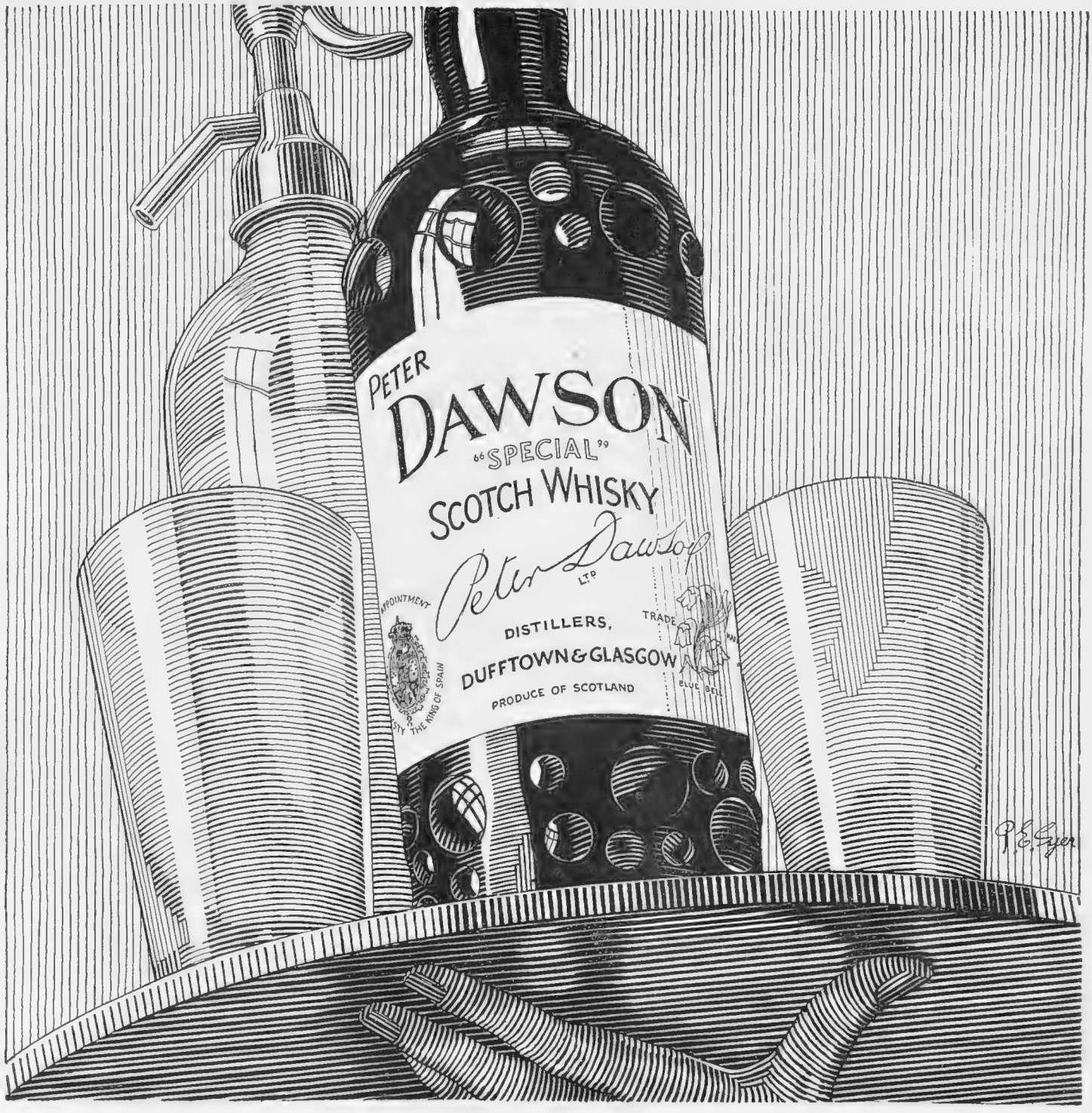
After the fourth race the house-party begins to compare notes. Fred was well up on the last race, but down on the day "so far." Mine host had lost a couple of "ponies," owing to the butler and the milkman; but as he could with impunity lose a couple of "monkeys" he got scant sympathy. I am sure nobody wants to know my position. So, of course, the plunging, "to get it back,' took place on the last race. . . . Going home in the car we were for the most part down on the day. But, mark you, we should have been well up if it hadn't been for that Irish thing, "Cheap Talk." And, naturally, if a horse dislikes racing on a Wednesday and swings round on its hind legs when the tape goes up—"w-e-ll—I mean to say, ol' man." . . . We refrained from commenting on the fortunes of the chauffeur, as he, poor man, was quite obviously driving us home with nothing on whatever underneath his livery. . . .

The whole point and purport of the business towards the latter part of the afternoon of the third day was whether by hook or hint you could be all square on the meeting. We had passed beyond the stage of "ups" and were only concerned with saving the very deep "downs." In the last race but one on the third day there was a thing called "Hope Deferred." An absolutely red-hot proposition from a man who had adjured us to secrecy and care. And they were calling it at sevens. The S.P. would be tens for a certainty. . . . But you know what happened. "Hope Deferred's" sire, "Heart-Sick," always loathed racing on a Friday—he held it was unlucky. And like father, like son. . . .

When the port had been round three times on the Friday night I made a discovery. It was about Blenkiron. Blenkiron, I found, was honestly and truly all square on the meeting. But then, you see, he actually had not had a bet all three days. Blenkiron is one of those men, don't you know, who starts life by sweeping out somebody's office in Montreal, and at early middle-age takes a long lease of the whole of the first floor of one of those palatial buildings in Kingsway.

I am beginning to see how this sort of thing is done.

You can't keep a man back who attends a meeting for three days running and . . . but there are such people; wonderful, isn't it?



HOW much warm human companionship must stand to the credit of Peter Dawson Whisky! For the breaking of social ice, for the resealing of sundered acquaintanceships, for the fostering of long-established friendships—here is a whisky whose excellence is above all others. Once men learn its virtues they say "P.D" more readily than they say "Whisky."

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

A Starting Fiasco

WHAT a colossal muddle it was in the First October Nursery at Newmarket last week! Surely some less antiquated and inefficient method of informing jockeys that there is "no start" could be devised than that which is now in force. The failure of the recall man—the official who is posted with a red flag on the course—to catch Captain Allison's signal, was the main cause of the Newmarket fiasco. I suggest that in future the recall man should be stationed at least two furlongs from the starter's platform, and that he should be provided with a pair of field glasses in order that he may observe exactly all that is going on in ample time to take the necessary action when there is a breakaway. When a false start occurs under existing conditions the recall man scarcely has time to wave his red flag before the horses are on top of him. Last week, for example, this official, slow in detecting the starter's signal, was chiefly concerned in getting out of the way of the on-coming two-year-olds. You could not blame him for playing for safety, but it is clear that present methods must be revised.

Teresina's Farewell

WE have seen tighter finishes than that for the Jockey Club Stakes last week, but I do not think we have had many more interesting races this season. The favourite prevailed, so the result was very much to the liking of the crowd. Teresina had already achieved plenty of popularity. Nobody has forgotten her gallant effort to win the Cesarewitch last year, and as the Jockey Club Stakes was her final outing, she retires from the Turf holding a real place in the affections of the racing public. We shall always remember her as a game filly of uncommon stamina. This was also Papyrus's final race, and no doubt many were hopeful that the hero of last year's Derby would leave the arena with

By "THE TOUT"

CAPT. J. G. R. HOMFRAY

And R. Perryman in the famous "Land League" colours. Capt. Homfray is a steward at Gatwick and owned the Cambridgeshire winner of '07. Perryman is a new jockey and a successful one too!

winning honours. His failure was in no sense discreditable. The weight was just a bit too much for him, and the result bore out last year's St. Leger form almost to an ounce.

Duke of York Plate

ONE of the most popular handicaps of the season is the Duke of York Plate, Kempton's big attraction for Saturday. Pharos has a good chance here of atoning for his failure in the Jubilee in the spring, when for some reason he was out of sorts. The handicapper has arranged the weights much on the same lines as in the Jubilee. Thus Pharos, Verdict, and Soldumeno can meet on exactly similar terms. There is not much to choose between them, and such as Frater and Cockpit will also have to be reckoned with. I am counting on the belief that **Pharos** is a better horse now than at any time since last year's Derby, and I make him my selection. SOLDUMENO is not very reliable, and he disappointed me in the Jubilee, but I shall have a bit on him again win and place.

Kempton Selections

LAST year the Kempton Park Nursery was spoilt to a great extent by the overwhelming superiority of Heverswood at the weights. In the same event on Saturday there would seem to be another blot on the handicap. I refer to **Phalaros,** who on his form with Margeritta last week is surely thrown in at 7st. 6lb. He is a colt of very high promise, and I confidently predict his success on this occasion. The Rivermead Handicap should be won by **Finger Print.** On Friday I shall not be surprised to see **Deflation** repeat the success he gained last year in the Queen Elizabeth Handicap, while **Mignault** should win the Coventry Handicap if he is worthy of his position in the Cambridgeshire betting.

HUNTING NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

"F. & M." Restrictions

SINCE I wrote my article on the season's prospects in last week's issue I have received a number of new reports from various countries. All speak with satisfaction of the Ministry of Agriculture's concession regarding cub-hunting in countries where foot-and-mouth disease has been notified. Hounds may now kill their cubs within three miles of an infected farm providing the M.F.H. has secured the necessary licence. This ensures that young hounds will be entered and litters of cubs broken up. But what is going to happen in the regular season? So far, the Ministry has given no indication of its intention to relax the fifteen-mile radius, which caused the loss of so much hunting last season. I gather the farmers do not believe in the efficacy of such an extensive radius round every case of foot-and-mouth. I think the Masters of Foxhounds Association will have the support of the National Farmers' Union in the efforts now being made to induce the authorities to give way on this question, which is really a vital one for foxhunting. Everybody would be well satisfied if the prohibited zone were reduced to five miles. I venture to predict that this much-needed change will be brought into effect before many weeks have passed.

Cattistock Cubbing

FROM the Cattistock country, in which the Rev. E. A. Milne has now become something of a veteran Master, comes a good report of foxes, though owing to uncut corn not so many cubs had been found as usual in the first months of the preliminary campaign. Always early to begin, Mr. Milne started to scatter the cubs on August 5, and his young entry, the best put forward for many years, have done well; this, in spite of the fact that scent in covert has been very bad owing to the thick undergrowth (the result of the wet summer) and the stormy unsettled weather. Captain T. Colville, who formerly assisted Mr. Milne in the Cattistock country, has now become Master of the Cotswold. Within itself this country is known as "the Hills" and "the Vale." Prospects on the former are as good as ever, and it is hoped that the Vale, which, owing to foot-and-mouth, has not been hunted lately, will recover its old reputation as one of the best in England. There has also been a change in the neighbouring North Cotswold country, Mr. C. Hilton Green, from the Mendip, having succeeded Mr. C. B. Kidd.

Lucky Countries

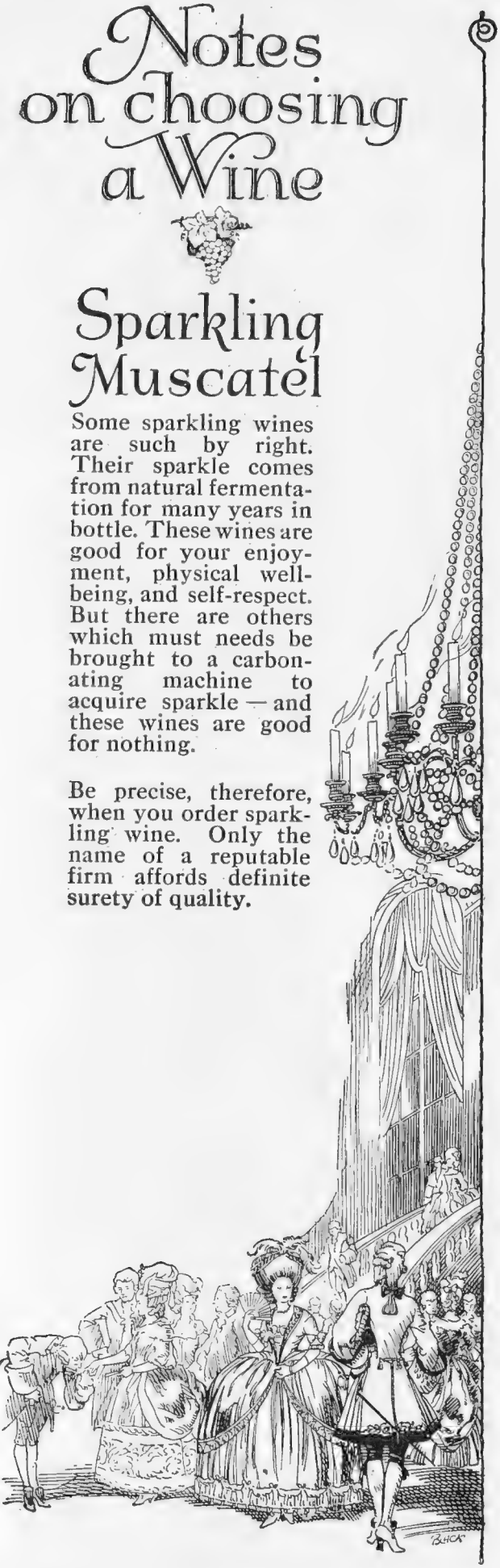
LUCKY are M.F.H.'s like Commander C. H. Davey who is able to report from the Dartmoor country that there is "no foot-and-mouth anywhere near." His hounds are in good trim, and if scent serves he should have a good season. In the Dulverton country Mr. E. L. Hancock joins Lord Poltimore as Assistant Master, and a separate pack of hounds of twenty couples is being kept for each M.F.H. Another Master who keeps two packs of foxhounds is Sir Dennis Boles, who in addition to hunting three days a week in the West Somerset country, has a subsidiary pack of foxhounds at his staghound kennels at Bagborough, which he hunts himself two days a week. The outlook for the season in this part of the country is excellent. I think the only pack which has actually gone under since last season was that privately hunted in Derbyshire by Major Hurt.

Notes on choosing a Wine

Sparkling Muscatel

Some sparkling wines are such by right. Their sparkle comes from natural fermentation for many years in bottle. These wines are good for your enjoyment, physical well-being, and self-respect. But there are others which must needs be brought to a carbonating machine to acquire sparkle — and these wines are good for nothing.

Be precise, therefore, when you order sparkling wine. Only the name of a reputable firm affords definite surety of quality.



Order "Big Tree" Sparkling Muscatel. No wine is purer or more delightful. Grierson's select it from fine French growths, and it has years and years of slow maturing in bottle before they ship it to England.

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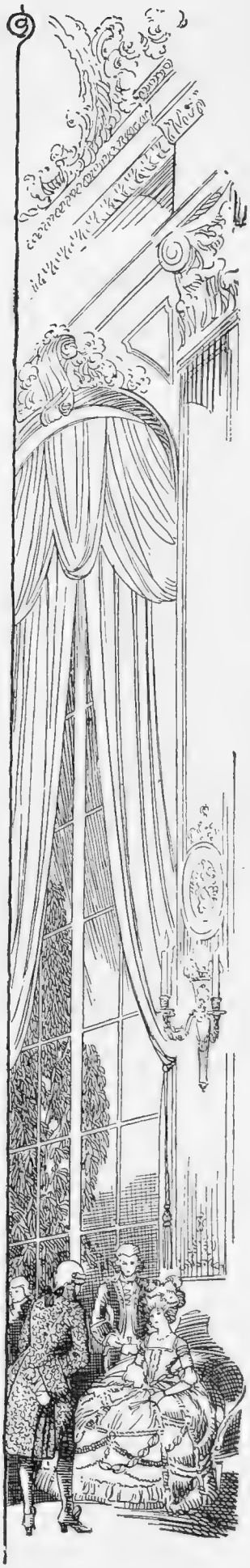
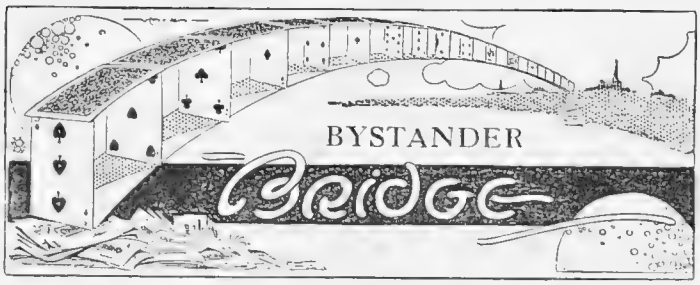




BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Judging by Results

"SOUTH WALES" asks my opinion of the following bidding. Score: A, B game and 9 up in rubber game; Y, Z love. Y deals and says "No bid"; B "one Diamond"; A "two Clubs"; Y "No bid"; B "No bid"; Z "two Spades." Z held—

S—J, 10, x, x, x, x. H—A, K, 2. D—x, x. C—x, x.

He was doubled by A and went down 200 points as Y had a trickless hand.

"Y," writes my correspondent, "was very indignant with Z and said it was a most unjustifiable bid."

I can only say that I should certainly have called as Z did. With six Spades and an outside Ace, King, he was, in my opinion, fully justified in taking the risk, and Y had no right to blame him because it did not come off. It is obvious that A, B would have gone game in any bid if Z had not called, and, although I am no believer in "flag-flying" when you are at love and your opponents are a game in, I consider Z made a perfectly legitimate bid and that it was in no way wild or reckless.

. . . . . .

I think Y must be one of those players who judge by results, and not by sound observation. I have often noted that perfectly good bids are condemned when they do not come off and really bad bids are acclaimed as brilliant when they succeed.

Take this hand from actual play. Score: Game all. Z dealt and bid "one Heart," holding—

S—6, 5, 3. H—A, K, 9, 4, 2. D—7, 6. C—A, Q, 2.

He was doubled by A (not on the American informative doubling lines, but a *business* double), and went down 400 points.

It happened that A held six Hearts to the Queen, Jack, Ten, and Ace, King of Diamonds and King ofClubs. Y was trickless. But who can say that Z's bid was bad? Even the most conservative authorities would tell you that Z's bid of "one Heart" was right. And if Y had criticised the calling he would have shown himself an ignoramus. Except in the case of cast-iron hands every bidder takes a risk. There are justifiable and unjustifiable risks. It is the mark of the good player to distinguish between the two. If you were to bid always on the assumption that your partner holds a Yarborough you would seldom bid at all, and you would lose numerous opportunities of winning rubbers.

. . . . . .

I should like to emphasise this point because I often hear the most unintelligent criticism. I remember seeing a very fine player fail five times in succession in his contract. Four times he lost 50 points and on the fifth 100 points undoubled. *And yet every single bid he made was perfectly sound.* But his partner, half in fun and half in earnest, said—

"You seem to be calling above your *paper*. I shall have to take the game into my own hands."

If the partner had known a little more about the game he would have realised that the player was not over-calling, but that the unfortunate result each time was due to sheer bad luck. I hope this little homily will give pause to those who are inclined to criticise. It is annoying to go down on a perfectly legitimate bid, but it is still more annoying when your partner rubs it in by making foolish comment. It takes a good player to recognise a good player. Do not judge by results. Judge a bid on its merits whether it succeeds or fails.

. . . . . .

A correspondent asks me why I always use the term "Jack" instead of "Knave," and he quotes the opinion of a writer who considers it a "vulgarism." Well, we all have our likes and dislikes in the use of words, but I should like to defend the use of "Jack." It is not a slang term. You will find in any dictionary that "Jack" is a Knave in cards and also the small white ball that forms the aim in bowls.

I believe it is an Americanism, but of that I am not sure. Certainly it is used in Poker, where one always speaks of Jacks and Jack-Pots and never of Knaves. But the real reason I have adopted it is that I am able to designate by a single letter each particular card in giving illustrative hands. K stands for King, and if you use Kn for Knave instead of J for Jack it is apt to cause confusion. Moreover, although its use in cards may come from America, Jack has a good English sound about it. I wonder if the critic objects to a sailor being called a "Jack Tar"?

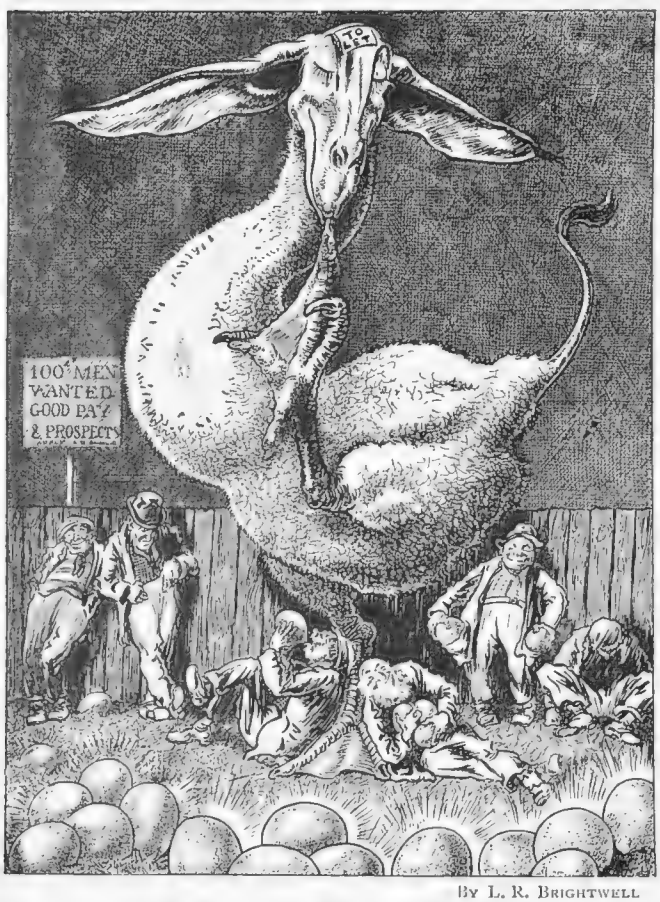
. . . . . .

All the same, certain words and expressions used at Bridge offend my taste and make me squirm. I have the strongest objection to anyone speaking of his cards as "paper." I don't know why, but I immediately dislike a man who says "They had all the *paper*" or "You are calling above your paper."

Still more objectionable to me is the use of the word "card" for hand. You will hear a player say—

"I had a very good 'card,' partner." He does not mean that he had one good card, but that he held a good hand.

There is good slang and bad slang. Some slang terms are admirably expressive and quite acceptable. Others jar horribly.



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

JOHN BULL'S JUNGLE—THE DOLE

A quaint blend of goose and donkey, the Dole is chiefly remarkable for its golden eggs. These, though beneficial to some, develop in most people addicted to them a general demoralisation, accompanied by a disinclination to work, and complications suggestive of alcoholic poisoning. Control of its eggs has been suggested—but *only* suggested

Bystander Four Weeks Competition No. V

Problem No. 3—Third Week

Score: Game all. A, B 16 in rubber game.
Z deals and holds—
S—8, 7. H—A. D—K, J, 10, 8, 7, 6, 2. C—4, 3, 2.
(*a*) What should Z say?

Score: Y, Z game and 20. A, B 20.
B deals and bids "One No-Trumps." Z holds—
S—A, K, 10, 9, 7, 6. H—8, 4, 3. D—6, 4. C—A, Q.
(*b*) What should Z say?

Score: Love all. Z deals and holds—
S—A, Q, 2. H—A, J, 9, 3, 2. D—K, J, 4. C—4, 2.
(*c*) What should Z say?

(Romeo & Capulet)

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF HOSPITALITY

Hospitality provides the privilege of making others happy. It is quite an art in itself capable of showing the very soul of man. Hospitality can ring false or sound a note as truly genuine as the ever-welcome merits of . . . .

DEWAR'S

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

It is often maintained by those who should know, that for a novelist to desert the particular "line" which has brought him success is bad business. And it is a fact that if you find your favourite writer leaving his accustomed track, you may feel vaguely that you have been somehow defrauded. On the other hand, it must be increasingly difficult for any novelist to maintain his standard year after year in stories which follow a more or less given pattern.

❀

I thought of these things while I read *The Coming of Amos* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. W. J. Locke's new book. Years ago Mr. Locke invented the Lockian hero and the Lockian heroine. Both were singularly agreeable beings, and both have remained singularly agreeable ever since. The only trouble is that they so seldom change. In the new story there is a middle-aged painter whom I seem to have met before, and there is a Russian princess who for all her adorability is equally familiar. On the other hand, there is Amos himself, and here Mr. Locke has drawn somebody entirely new.

❀

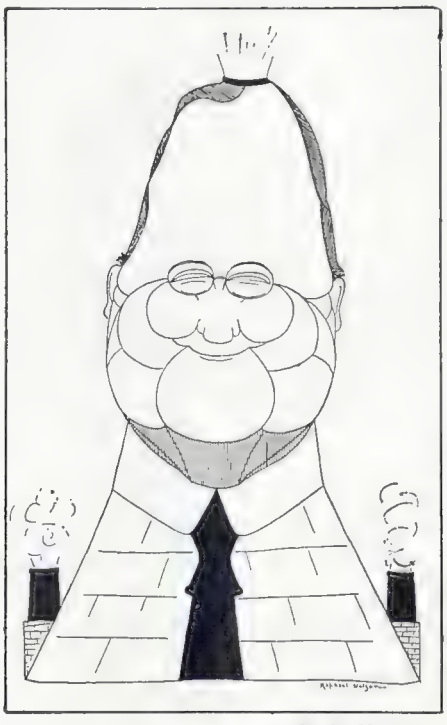
Amos himself is from "down under," and his mother had brought him up in fear of the Lord. And when Amos comes to Cannes, you may imagine his feelings at being asked to meet the cosmopolitan society of that frivolous town. He had been sent there to his painter-uncle to be educated, and educated he duly is, though the task is not easy. Moreover, when you are taking pains to educate a nephew, and he chooses to fall in love with your own particular Russian princess——

❀

Now Mr. Locke may always be relied on to tell a good story, and in this tale of Amos you do not know until the last few pages what is going to happen. You accept the young man's drastic methods with an oily Argentine scoundrel, but—what is the princess going to do? Mr. Locke's solution, I like to think, is the right one, and you put down his book in a good temper; but I wish that the painter-narrator had not been so familiar a figure in the author's large gallery of portraits.

❀

Is there anybody producing so many books at this time as Mr. Edgar Wallace? I doubt it. He seems to have a new book out every month, and when I take up a newspaper, as likely as not I find that the serial is his work. How he manages to do it I have not a notion. The wonder is that he maintains such a high standard. One or two yarns of his, I admit, have been very poor, but on the whole you are safe in his hands—safe, I mean, to be agreeably mystified and thrilled. Two of his books, for instance, have just taken away (for me) all the horrors of a particularly long railway journey. *Room 13* (Long: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) I thought especially good. What in Heaven's name is the nice Johnny Gray doing with all his crook friends? He seems much too good a fellow to be sent to jail. And although you may possibly make a guess that turns out to be correct, you will certainly enjoy the story no less. It is Mr. Wallace at his best. Then there is *The Three-Oak Mystery* (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) with a brand-new detective called Socrates Smith. We must certainly have more of him. The case here unfolded is not perhaps the best that could have been chosen for his introduction to the public, but he himself is a figure to be encouraged, and I for one hope that his note-books—he must have note-books—may be published for our entertainment.



By R. Nelson

TOPPING THE (HOUSING) BILL

An Impression of Mr. Wheatley in an appropriate setting of bricks and mortar

There is a quiet story of considerable power and distinction which should make an especial appeal to parents with sons and daughters just becoming "grown-up." This is Mrs. J. C. Squire's new novel, *Five in Family* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Father, mother, son, and two daughters; there you have the whole family. The father is a painter who, after long years abroad, returns home to build himself the house of his dreams. The mother (about whom, I gather, Mrs. Squire has written an earlier book) is a loveable creature, who is not forgetful of the days when she, too, was a girl. The boy, poor dear, is "going through it" for the first time, and his goddess remains distant. As for the girls, they have their "affairs" which progress, not as in some sugary fiction, along a straight line, but peculiarly, as in real life. And reading on, you suddenly see how well you know every one of these simple Hardings, almost as if you had been staying with them for a month or two.

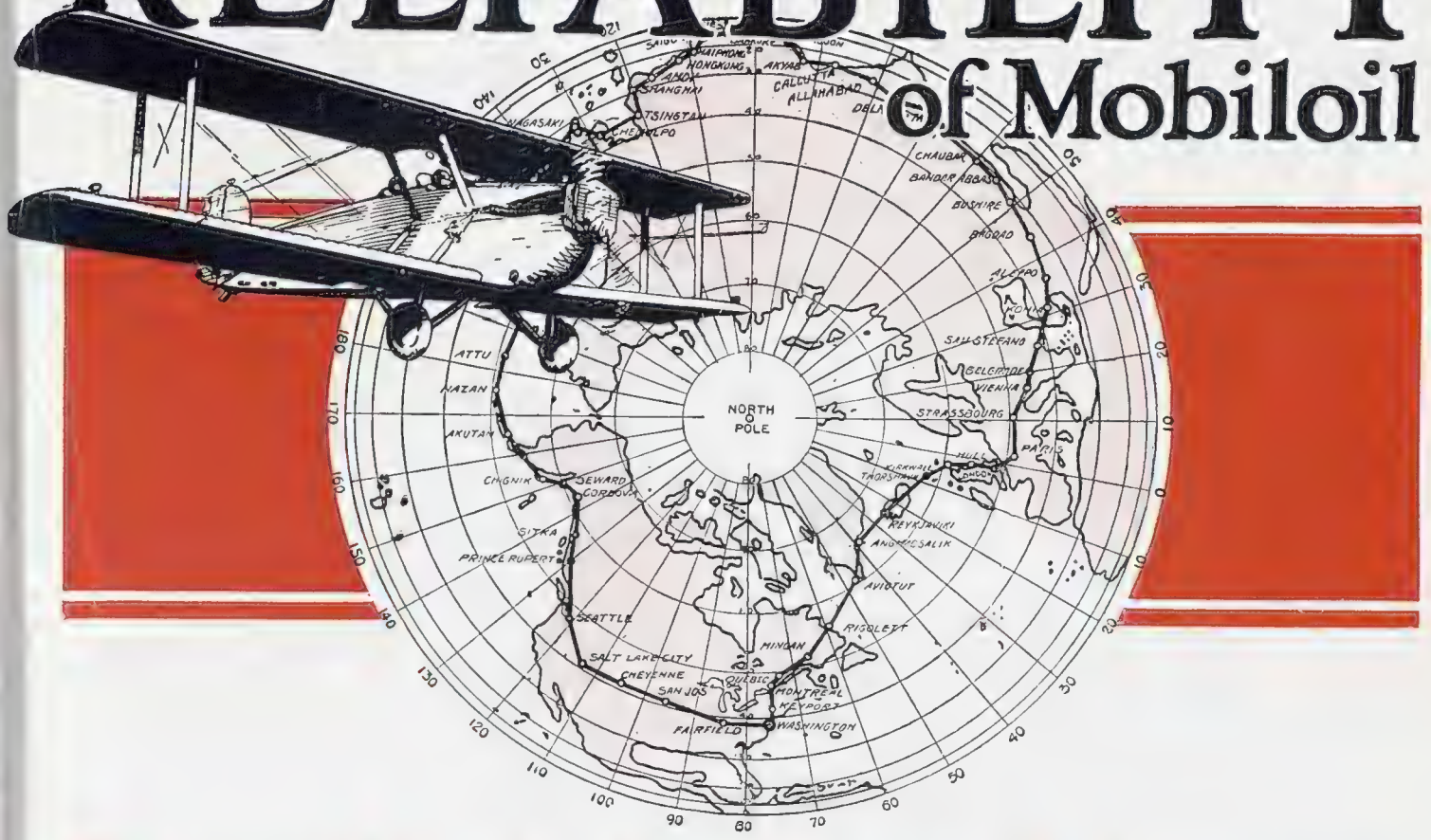
❀

Mr. Cecil Roberts, the author of that admirable novel, *Scissors*, has written a Venetian romance called *Sails of Sunset* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which is full of bright colour and love and the joy of youth. The theme, you may say, is as old as the hills: a handsome young Englishman travelling abroad with his sketch-book, the beautiful daughter of a local owner of *bragozzi*, and a rival who does not hesitate to use his knife—you can figure out more or less the course which the story will take. But Mr. Roberts has much up his sleeve, and there is more than a mere story in his book. He writes so well and so vividly that it is as if you were taken to these southern waters and had stepped on board a real boat with its painted sails.

❀

A peculiar character often remains in one's memory even after the story in which he plays his part is more or less forgotten. There is a strange parson in Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new novel, *Elaine at the Gates* (Thornton Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), who in the first chapter stalks into the foreground and stays there until the last pages are reached. There cannot be many men just like the Rev. Mark Awdrey—perhaps it is a good thing—but you accept him and his extraordinary influence over an Elaine who has been cheated of her lover. Awdrey is uncouth, at times hateful, always at white heat. He saves the girl spiritually, marries her, and demands the reward which she cannot give him. It is an uncomfortable book, long and detailed, with passages in it which show Mr. Maxwell at his very best. The wretched Pearl, stealer of Elaine's man, is etched in in a manner which you cannot but admire. But it is round the Rev. Mark's personality that Mr. Maxwell's many readers will hold their debates. Would he ever have claimed that reward, they will ask? Personally, I think that Mr. Maxwell is right, but you should read the book for yourself. It is certain to be talked about.

A Tribute to the RELIABILITY of Mobiloil



Triumph of the Great Adventure

Mobiloil contributes to its accomplishment

THROUGHOUT their successful globe-encircling flight the United States Airmen used Mobiloil exclusively for the lubrication of their machines.

In preparing for this great adventure the United States Air Service realised that for an undertaking in which so much was at stake, it was too hazardous to follow the usual custom in great public events of accepting free supplies. After careful and exhaustive tests they placed their faith in Mobiloil—thereby exercising their independence of judgment. This reliable oil was designated, bought and paid for.

The grade used was Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" as prescribed by the Vacuum Oil Company for the Liberty Aero Engine—identical in every respect to Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" on sale everywhere. The same high quality and reliability mark all grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil—"E," "Arctic," "A," "BB" and "B"—one of which is correct for your car, as shown in the Chart of Recommendations.

GARGOYLE REG. TRADE MARK

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your Guide

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, S.W.1
WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth

BRANCH OFFICES: *Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield*

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD

Far From the "Roaring 'Forties"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS EDNA MAY

The popular dancer, lends a mid-Victorian touch to the cabaret show at the Grafton Galleries in the crinoline number for which she is seen furred and furbelowed above

FEMINA

"Disposing Of" a House

By MRS. M. VINCE

EVERY day we read something in the papers about the housing problem and the shortage of houses. And every day in the London streets we see more empty houses than ever with boards outside them. They are not to let. If ever you see a large "To Let" on a board, you may be certain that when you get nearer you will see a small "furnished" underneath. They are merely houses of which the leases are for sale, or as the agents, with their grand style, prefer to say, "for disposal."

THIS month is one of the "disposing" periods, and I do not remember ever to have seen so many houses for disposal at one time. People are no longer as well off as they were; or they bought houses in haste at the end of the War and have repented at leisure; or they cannot get servants, and have moved off to flats. There are many reasons.

AND so the houses wait for new tenants. If London were Moscow, the Government would have a short way with them. As it is, they do not always seem to find new tenants easily, and that is not surprising, for the same reasons which drove people out prevent other people from coming in—not to mention the high premiums asked for leases. It will be a long time before we cease to suffer from the house-famine at the end of the War. Those who bought then, in their urgency paid any sum if only they could afford it; and now, when they themselves sell, are not, unnaturally anxious to get back as much as they can.

WHAT has struck me is how little care people spend on trying to make the offer of a house tempting. If only they would show a little imagination! The imagination of house-agents, like their fine phrases, is a standing subject for the comic artist and writer. But it is only imagination on paper. It will bring the purchaser to the house, but it will not make him buy. I once advertised for a furnished flat, and one of the answers made me think of Miss Tipping in *Master of Craft*, in search of a country inn. Nothing, you will remember, satisfied her. Evidently what she wanted was "a Garden of Eden with bar improvements." This flat, as described, would have satisfied even Miss Tipping, had she been in search of a flat. But when I went to see it, I found that it was so dirty that a glance was enough. After explaining why it would not do, I went out as quickly as I could. I advertised again, a few days later, and among the answers was again a description of this flat—the same handwriting, the same description, with one additional attraction. The letter said that the flat was "scrupulously clean," and to make doubly sure, the writer had underlined the words.

THAT sort of imagination is no use. What is wanted is a little

A FRIEZE BUT NOT A "FROST"

Three members of Mme. Claudia Issatschenko's Plastic Ballet which recently concluded a successful season at the Coliseum. They are seen above in "The Grecian Frieze," one of the dances which is performed to Grieg's music

AN OCTOBER BRIDE

Miss Dorothy Henderson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Vere Henderson, of Romford, who is to marry Mr. J. J. Murray, on October 11th. Her fiancé is a well-known amateur golfer

Photograph **RE-ENTER FALCONRY** [*L.E.A.*

Three enthusiasts of what was once one of the most popular of English sports, at a "meet," or "gathering"—or whatever be the official designation—at Digby in Leicestershire. The group shows Miss P. Norton (left) with her falcon, used for partridge and larger quarry, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Roger Allan, both with merlin, which are used for smaller birds

honest, practical imagination on the part of the seller. Every seller of a house has been a buyer. He knows what his feelings were when he bought, the suspicions that he had, the things that chilled his enthusiasm. Why, when he sells, does he not take the trouble to remember them? Everyone knows what a depressing thing it is to go over an empty house, and very few people have the imagination to see it as it will be when decorated and furnished, warm and lived in. Rooms always look much smaller when empty than when furnished, and though one knows this, it is not so easy, in the mind's eye, to add to their size. Our feelings about empty houses being what they are, those who have a house to sell would be well advised — inconvenient as it may be to have strangers in and out at all times—to do everything they can to let it be seen while they are still living in it. Moreover, it is much easier to furnish a room, in imagination, with one's own things when it is already furnished than when it is empty.

A FRENCH MOVIE HEROINE

Mdlle. Huguette Duflos, of the Comedie Francaise, as Aurora, Grand Duchess of Lautenburg, in the new W. & F. film "Koenigsmark," now showing at the Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland Street. The film abounds in thrills and is plentifully supplied with beautiful scenery, gay uniforms, and some piquant Parisian settings—so its success has been assured from the start

BUT if the house is empty what can one do? Even the best-kept house has a soiled look when all its things have gone, if only because of the marks on the walls where furniture has stood and pictures have hung. Houses are sometimes advertised as ready decorated. That, to most people, is no attraction. They want to choose their own decorations. But I sometimes think that, for those who ask very large premiums, it would really be worth while to redecorate cheaply when they leave, simply to make the house more attractive. At any rate, one should always see that the house is clean, and if a purchaser does not come at once, that it is kept clean, with swept floors, and polished grates. Above all, one should see that the small repairs are done before one leaves. It is extraordinary how noticeable, in an empty house, are such things as broken locks, snapped window-cords and cracked panes. They are things that cost little to put right, but to people already depressed by the emptiness of a house they give a most exaggerated feeling of decay.

I WONDER house-agents do not give more thought to these little psychological points. I wonder sometimes that they do not go still further. When the Chinese are buried they must take with them, for use in the next world, all their possessions. But instead of the real things, paper representations of money and clothes, servants and horses are put with the bodies. The really enterprising house-agent would be he who could, at half an hour's notice, fit out an empty house for inspection in the same way. M. V.

POPE & BRADLEY'S
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Mistaken Identity

THE CREED OF GREED

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

As one observes the world from the purely material standpoint it is difficult to understand for what the majority of mankind is striving. Beyond the essential requirements of food, warmth and shelter, what is the material ideal to which it aspires?

So far as I am concerned, I have long since determined my material philosophy. It being necessary to eat, I consume the minimum, because eating bores me; it being an emotion to drink, I enjoy my maximum, and stimulate my mind to the delicate point of stomachic capacity. My limitations beyond this are that I can sleep only in one bed—at a time—and occupy one seat in an automobile or a motor omnibus. I clothe my body in good raiment, manufactured almost under my nose, to my own designs, and I occasionally write exotic literature in a mentally and physically central heated atmosphere. Having enumerated my vices, my only claim to virtue is that I do not consume more than my due share of the provender of the universe, nor occupy, by my frail body, more than my legitimate amount of space.

My material philosophy is justified by the fact that I get whatever I want. As an observer, mixing for amusement in the throng, it is interesting to ponder on the vulgar millionaire mentality. What is the material ideal of this "multi" type, which we will call, in a sardonic spirit, by the misnomer of "Jolly Souls"?

The Jolly Soul cannot ride in three cars at a time, nor occupy with adornment or emotional inspiration even one bed. By his physical ugliness and mental obscenity he too often befouls the alluring beauty spots of the earth.

He worships the false god of money, and sinks to the obsession of its power; imagining that he is the appointed usurper, he becomes himself used, degraded, and controlled by the Frankenstein he has evolved.

His ugly countenance shows that he subconsciously realises that money can never buy beauty; he gets nothing of value out of life, and the highest portion that is conceded to him is an artificial smile from ladies of uneasy avarice; and the door of every house of artistry and culture is shut in his moss-grown face.

* * * * * * * * * *

Given craftiness it requires no genius to become a millionaire; forget honesty, disregard scrupulousness, sacrifice artistic emotion, and the financial rates of exchange will be easily governed. Some of us have more brains than all the Jolly Souls put together, but we do not prostitute them. We are more subtle in our demand for consideration.

Incidentally, the prices charged by Pope and Bradley could certainly be made more millionairish, but I, as controller, should not get one iota more out of life, and it would only serve to lead the Inland Revenue into fresh and possibly more vicious forms of extravagance. Therefore, the prices, like my stomach, remain inordinately Christian. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& 130 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

"OPEN CONFESSION"

To a Man from a Woman

By

MARIE CORELLI

" In the years I have spent on earth I have attained a few of the things which the majority of people consider most worth winning—wealth is one of these things, and also the poor fact of certain renown. Some folk envy, stare, shake their heads wonderingly or sagaciously and consider me fortunate—yet I am barely touched by worldly advantages. They seem the idlest trifles compared with one glance from you—one smile from your lips—one fleeting expression of that beloved face. . . ."

" To my mind all life is rounded in the one orbed fact that *you* live; and if you lived no longer, I, too, should cease to be, for the very air bereft of your breathing would have lost its power to sustain me."

" You love me (as you say) with all the intensity of a man's passion—that intensity which is with your sex far more often physical than spiritual."

" The mere fact of living without love is such a wanton waste of power that it becomes almost a sin against nature."

" . . . the more sedate and conventional among them would hold up their hands in pious horror and feign the usual ridiculous amazement that anyone should love where love is, by the world's estimate and law, forbidden."

" There are many envious souls who stand between us who would rejoice if I could tear the love of you out of my heart—your own people, for example, who make a hell upon earth for me whenever we meet."

" I cannot conceive of the love I have for you any lower aim than this—to give all I have without grudging or regret, and to be all that *you* desire without for one moment imagining any desire for myself."

This last work of the great authoress is a pen picture of a woman's soul—of her inmost and most intimate thoughts and emotions: a plain tale of the love of a woman for a man, told with all Marie Corelli's power of expression: an epic on the highest ideals of sex attraction, all the more vivid because of the romance surrounding its writing.

Is it her own life story?

MARIE CORELLI'S

LAST AND GREATEST WORK

(Beginning Thursday, October 9th)

"OPEN CONFESSION"

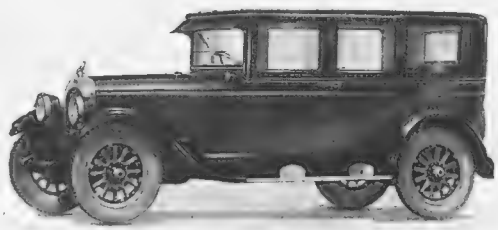
To a Man from a Woman

EXCLUSIVE TO THE

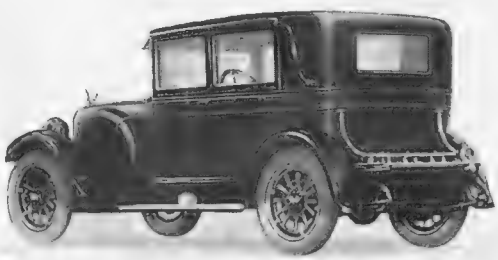
DAILY EXPRESS

The Chrysler Six

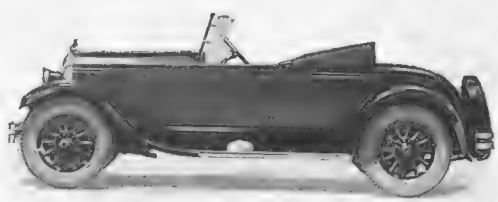
The Phaeton Touring Car **£465**



The Imperial Saloon **£625**



The Brougham **£595**



The Two-Seater **£495**

Price of Chassis only **£395**

Maxwell Chrysler Motors Ltd. will be happy to afford purchasers the facilities of deferred payment for all models of the Chrysler Six. Full particulars on request.

MORE than four years ago Mr. W. P. Chrysler and a few of the industry's foremost engineers, set out to build a new type of car. They now offer the public the result of their efforts—a car tested in more than two years of actual road service—The Chrysler Six.

Chrysler engineers began without the handicap of existing models, existing factories, existing machinery and tools. They were given just one task—To produce the ideal car for the majority of owner-drivers, and build it of the very best materials procurable.

The Chrysler engine is, we believe, the most perfectly-designed engine ever built for a motor-car. It is the result of years of study of the thermo-dynamic principles of internal combustion power efficiency.

It has a 3-inch bore and a 4¾-inch stroke, with a piston displacement of 201 cubic inches. (R.A.C. Rating 21.6.)

68 Horse-Power from a Small-bore Engine

Yet so perfectly is petrol vapour distributed to all six cylinders, and so completely is power utilized through the elimination of weight, the reduction of friction, and the perfect balance of all reciprocating parts, that this small engine develops as much as 68 h.p. absolutely without vibration.

The result is a maximum speed well in excess of 70 miles an hour, with an extremely low petrol consumption . . . over 24 miles per gallon is quite usual. These astonishing results have been achieved solely through the very finest known engineering skill and workmanship. The crankshaft, for example, is actually larger in the Chrysler than the crankshaft of many cars whose gross weight is approximately twice that of the Chrysler Six. It is supported by seven large shimless bearings. Through drilled passages in the crankshaft, oil under pressure is carried directly to each of the bronze-backed, babbitt-lined bearings. The result is that the crankshaft actually rests in its main bearings upon a film of oil, thus eliminating the greater part of the frictional power loss found even in the finest cars.

Two exceptional features of the Chrysler engine are the oil-filter and centrifugal air-filter, both important factors in smooth running, power development and long life.

A Far Higher Percentage of Driving Power

No motor engine conveys so high a percentage of generated power towards the actual propulsion of the vehicle as does the Chrysler. Full utilisation of power is assisted by the use of a specially-developed combustion chamber which ensures the burning of all gas. This gives not only maximum power from a minimum of gas, but eliminates carbonisation of cylinders and valves.

Gives Results never before achieved

Actually Vibrationless at All Speeds

Vibrationless power at all speeds is another notable feature. So perfect is the balance of reciprocating parts and so painstaking is the workmanship that the Chrysler engine is truly without vibration. A ride in the Chrysler is a revelation of smoothness.

Standard Equipment includes Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes

All models of the Chrysler Six are equipped with Chrysler Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes. These are positively self-equalising—applying uniformly equal pressure to all wheels under all conditions. There are no points requiring lubrication.

In addition to four-wheel hydraulic foot brakes, the Chrysler Six is equipped with a hand-brake acting on the main transmission shaft.

The superior engineering of the Chrysler is also evidenced in the tubular front axle, specially designed to take the torsion strains of front-wheels braking. This axle, which is actually stronger than an I-beam section under static load, positively resists the distortion.

New Method of Mounting Springs

In ordinary construction springs are mounted on the axle parallel to the frame and close to it. The result is a disagreeable side-sway. Chrysler springs, on the other hand, are mounted parallel to the wheels, and close to the hubs. Side-sway is eliminated. It is an actual fact that the Chrysler Six can be driven round bad corners at speeds in excess of 50 miles per hour. Chrysler ease of riding is further accentuated by the use of Semi-Balloon 30 in. x 5.77 in. Cord tyres, which eliminate the effects of ordinary road jolts and, in addition, ensure extraordinary mileage.

The handsome and efficient design of the instrument board—speedometer, ammeter, ignition and light switch, motor temperature indicator (radiometer), petrol gauge, and oil-pressure gauge are all situated in clear view of the driver. Instrument board is indirectly lighted at night.

At the top of the steering column are located not only the handsomely-designed control of spark and throttle, and horn button, but also the dimming adjustment of the headlights.

In the Chrysler Six has been combined, for the first time, handsome appearance, smartness, economical maintenance, and running qualities, ideal size for ease of driving and convenience in garaging, extreme roominess and comfort, with the material quality, the performance ability, the long life and stamina of the highest priced and heaviest car.

No detailed description of the Chrysler Six can do it justice. But if you will ride in or drive any one of the Chrysler models you will experience a sensation you have never before enjoyed in any car of any price.

ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION

ENGINE.—21.6 horse-power R.A.C. rating; developing 68 horse-power. Six cylinders cast in block. Removable head.

CRANKSHAFT.—Drop forging, supported on seven bronze-backed, babbitt-lined bearings. Machined all over and statically and dynamically balanced.

CAMSHAFT.—Drop forged, carburized and hardened. Four bearings. Oil pump integral with camshaft.

PISTONS.—Light weight alloy; bridge type, slotted skirt design.

LUBRICATION.—Engine: High pressure to all crankshaft, connecting rod and camshaft bearings. Oil cleansed and cooled by circulation through filter on dash. Chassis: High pressure gun system.

COOLING.—Water, circulated by pump. Honeycomb radiator with detachable shell. Radiometer on dash registers temperature of water.

CARBURETTOR. — ZENITH. Equipped with centrifugal air cleaner.

IGNITION.—BOSCH Magneto.

STARTING AND LIGHTING.—Remy two-unit six-volt system.

FUEL SYSTEM.—Vacuum system. Petrol tank in rear.

STEERING GEAR. — Semi-irreversible worm and nut type. Right hand drive.

FRONT AXLE.—Tubular. Chrome molybdenum steel, heat-treated.

REAR AXLE.—Semi-floating.

CLUTCH.—Multiple dry disc.

GEAR BOX.—Three speeds, forward and reverse type, selective sliding gears.

BRAKES. — Foot: Chrysler Lockheed Hydraulic on all four wheels. Hand: External contracting on drum on transmission shaft.

SPRINGS.—Chrome Vanadium steel, heat-treated. Semi-elliptic.

WHEELS.—Wood, artillery type. Detachable rims.

EQUIPMENT includes: Snubbers, gear box lock, windscreen wiper, engine-driven horn, 5 semi-balloon cord tyres, flush type cowl ventilator, nickel radiator. Exhaust heater on closed cars.

The Chrysler Six

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTORS, LTD.,
Maxwell Works, Mortlake Road, KEW GARDENS, SURREY.
OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW. Oct. 17 to 25. Stand 88.

WHO'S PETER?

DOGGY FICTION & FACT. By "THE KENNELMAN"

Bull Terrier enthusiasts owe a genuine debt of gratitude to the Editor of their Club Annual, 1924, Mrs. F. W. Robbs (Hyndford House, Inglemere Road, Forest Hill). This is a really informing, as well as highly interesting and attractive production; excellent in detail, in illustration, and, too, in literary quality; embracing verse and (Kipling) prose, on a breed singularly rich in character.

Correspondents appear to be fully 75 per cent. supporters of the views expressed in these Notes under the head of "The Idle Dog," in favour of rational employment for Dogs. Examples are given of the interest and happiness Dogs find (failing other work) in simple jobs of fetching and carrying, basket-bearing, and the like. "What they love most," says one letter, "is real systematic work in intelligent partnership with humans—police work, herding, sled-pulling, etc.—and what they hate more than any hardship is the ennui of forced inaction."

Illusions die hard, and recognition of the essential carnivorousness of the Dog seems difficult to establish. There's neither kindness or good sense in feeding a Dog as it might be a beloved child. The teeth and digestive systems of Dogs and men differ fundamentally. The mainly flesh dietary is *not* a convenient makeshift suitable only for Dogs at their hardiest; but, per contra, the best, the ideal, for all Dogs. Even in mortal sickness, there's no more valuable food for the Dog than scraped or minced *raw* lean. When he can't manage that, he can't manage anything; and it's only undesirable when there's need to keep him and his temperature down; never when you're trying to keep him up.

There seems to be a sort of epidemic of bothersome warts among Dogs; a serious nuisance, especially when scratched or broken. Caught in the seedling stage, caustic will remove. Later, they must be snipped off (under localised anæsthetic), and the place cauterised. Useful alterative for canine blood: well-cooked, well-minced onion and spinach, with a little flour of sulphur; three times weekly in food.

Someone has announced to the world in an evening paper that the Dachshund has disappeared from Berlin, and given place to other breeds. I doubt it greatly; but what I doubt yet more is the suggested reason that the alleged disappearance is due to the fact that Berlin languishes under the necessary infliction of the muzzling order; and that "it is far more difficult to keep one on the long, thin nose of a Dachshund than on any other kind of dog." Why is so much palpable nonsense written about Dogs? The writer should make personal trial of the muzzling of "noseless" Pekingese or Pugs, Blenheims, Bulldogs, etc. But no; for the "noseless" ones' own sakes don't; rather lend all possible aid to the authorities to exclude rabies from these islands, and preserve us all from muzzles and other horrors!

Enquirers as to the monthly magazine (an excellent little production), *The Alsatian*, please address 15, Furnival Street, E.C.4; *The Dog World*, 54-5, Fetter Lane; *Our Dogs*, Oxford Road, Station Approach, Manchester; Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly.

By Appointment

The Cider Supreme

FOR over 30 years Bulmer's Champagne Cider has been steadily growing in favour till it has come to be regarded by the discriminating everywhere as the Cider Supreme. Its superiority is due to the prolonged and careful process by which it is evolved from the choicest apples; a process exactly the same as that which the costliest Champagne undergoes. Its sparkle and effervescence are natural, and its remarkably low acidity makes Bulmer's Cider the perfect drink for gouty or rheumatic persons.

Sold in all Restaurants at Wembley.

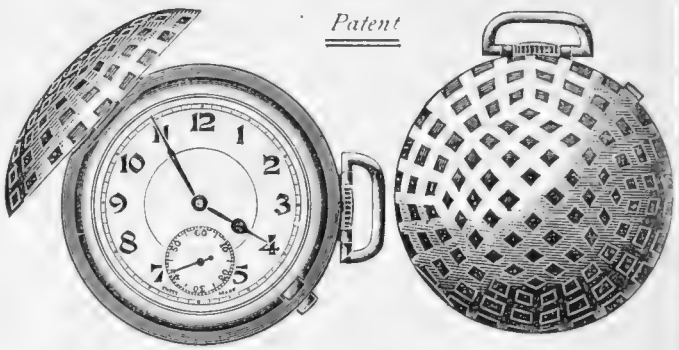
BULMER'S CIDERS

Made only by
H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD

London and Export: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.1.
Provincial Agents on application.

The Golfer's Watch

Patent



Illustrations actual size.

Indestructible—can be carried in the trousers pocket along with keys and money.

The great advantages over the ordinary wrist watch are that it is not cumbersome to the player, and by being carried in the pocket all risks of broken glasses and main springs are eliminated.

Reliable Lever Movement, only

£2.5.0

Vickery's "the House for Gifts and Dressing Cases."

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

J. C. VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W.1.
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

"Another New Suit, George?"

"No, Dad, it's the Tenacity Tweed I bought at Burberrys. Let me see, it must be . . . yes, well over nine months ago.

"Burberrys had just brought out Tenacity Tweeds, and they were giving the stuff all sorts of hard tests, and I thought I would give it a trial.

"It still shows practically no wear, and I've worn it pretty well every day. Wonderful material, Tenacity Tweed! Woven from a combination of wool and linen. Looks like the best Scotch Tweed, and lasts . . . well, the fellows at the Club call me the man with

THE SUIT THAT WON'T WEAR OUT

For hard wear, for business or for sport, the material that gives all-round satisfaction is Tenacity Tweed.

HAVE A SUIT OF TENACITY TWEED AND SAVE HALF YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS.

Patterns of Tenacity Tweeds Sent on Request.

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

There's a Burberry Agent in your town carrying a stock of Tenacity Tweeds, or your own tailor can obtain them.

Wholesale Orders
BURBERRYS LTD. GOLDEN SQUARE W. 1

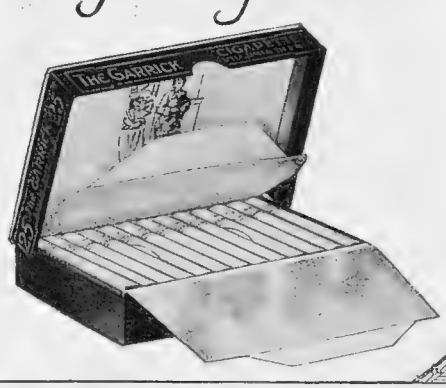
SOCIETY AT RANELAGH

Where Quality counts

The GARRICK Virginia Blend Cigarette

Special Size No. 2

reigns supreme



LAMBERT & BUTLER, ENGLAND.

CAMERA NOTES

A HOBBY FOR LONG EVENINGS

A FLORAL FOUNTAIN IN VORARLBERG

IN contrast with the devotees of most hobbies having an outdoor appeal, the camera enthusiast enjoys the advantage that, instead of having to turn suddenly in other directions for recreative interest at the advent of winter, he is able to continue with his pastime unchecked.

Not only is outdoor camera work quite practicable and worth while in winter, but photography opens up so many pleasant and profitable pursuits which can be followed during one's leisure time in the comfort of the home that it has much to commend it as a hobby for the long dark evenings.

The Season for Printing

MOST photographers who use their cameras at all frequently during the summer months, find themselves at the end of the season with a considerable number of loose prints and of negatives which have either been printed poorly or not at all. Negatives, for instance, which are so soft in contrast as to require a vigorous gaslight paper to give prints of rich quality, may have been printed, for the sake of convenience on daylight printing paper, thus yielding weak prints of poor, yellowish tone. During the winter evenings, when gaslight paper becomes the most convenient printing medium owing to the ease with which it may be used in an ordinary living room, plenty of opportunity will occur for the making of good prints from such negatives: and equally well for the printing of strong negatives upon the softer grades of gaslight paper.

Making Holiday Albums

THE making of these prints and their mounting in a suitable album will provide congenial occupation for many evenings, and the completed work, whether it be a collection of casual snapshots or a more ambitiously designed illustrated record of one's holiday travels or experiences, will give a full reward for the labours incurred, in the lasting interest which such a book of mementos must possess.

It is but a small step farther to the making of enlarged prints of one's best negatives. Owing to the introduction of many forms of small electric self-focussing or fixed-focus vertical enlarging devices running off an ordinary lighting circuit, the making of enlargements has been so much simplified of late as to become almost easier and quicker than printing by contact.

Such enlargements of well-chosen subjects, framed or tastefully finished in passe-partout binding, can be used with fine effect in imparting a personal touch to a scheme of home decoration; or the gift of such a picture to friends who have shared one's holiday experiences will often prove the prelude to an enduring friendship.

Photographic Christmas Cards

TO quote but one more suggestion, an excellent occupation lies in the making of one's own Christmas cards. There is no reason why such should not be produced entirely by photographic means; but for those who do not care to design and produce their own cards throughout, the photographic manufacturers cater by offering specially produced cards with seasonable greeting which the amateur can complete for his own use. T. L. J. BENTLEY

In the Butts or with the dogs

Waiting for the drive, or walking 'em up, you'll find Fox's Puttees the most comfortable legwear.

The easy support that Fox's Puttees give, and their protection against rain, mud, cold and prickles, make them something to feel thankful for, during and after a long day out in any sort of weather.

They're smart, too. Spiral fit, non-fray edges, and fine quality woollen material in a host of colour shades.

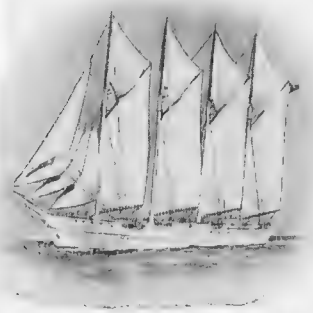
For Ladies from 9/6 to 16/- per pair, and for Men from 10/- to 20/- per pair; with or without spats. Ask your Outfitter or Stores for Fox's Puttees, or write direct to us for particulars.

CAUTION. See the name "Fox" on the metal discs (right and left) attached to every genuine pair of Fox's New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees.

FOX BROTHERS & CO., Ltd. (Dept. V), Wellington, Somerset. Agents for U.S.A., The Manley-Johnson Corporation 260, West Broadway, New York.

FOX'S F.I.P. PUTTEES

ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT



The M.Y. "WESTWARD"

(3000 tons)

The Largest Motor-Sailing Vessel Afloat,

will cruise for ten months amongst the lesser-known islands and beauty spots in the West Indies, South Sea Islands, East Indies and Mediterranean.

Sailing Shortly

visiting such places as may appeal to members of the party.

The owner, Comdr. Lightoller, D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R., Mrs. Lightoller with their family are inviting ladies and gentlemen to join their party at an inclusive cost of £400 to £700, according to accommodation reserved. Quarterly payments arranged. Reliable references given and required.

For particulars apply to

Comdr. Lightoller, R.N.R.
47, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

The Dartmoor

is a compact home house with four bedrooms, two living rooms and usual offices. A triumph of Bungalow construction and value, it can be erected anywhere at the shortest notice. Durable, comfortable and weatherproof.

Carriage paid to most stations in England and Wales.

BUNGALOWS, CHALETS, MOTOR HOUSES, etc., are erected at our Works for inspection, and you are cordially invited to view this EXHIBITION OF IDEAL HOMES during working hours or by special appointment.

BROWNE & LILLY LTD.
Thames Side, READING. 'Phone 587

Our Catalogue is issued in sections, owing to our extensive manufactures. Kindly mention your particular requirements.

HAIRS **CONSULT HELEN LAWRENCE**

and get free expert advice for your

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

NOT A DEPILATORY, NOT ELECTROLYSIS

If you cannot call, write for **Home Treatment 12 6** Sample 2- (Postage abroad 2.6)

HELEN LAWRENCE,
167, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
'Phone Western 7141.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

TRADE MARK

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

MODERATELY PRICED HATS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

BECOMING HAT in good quality panne velvet, rolled back brim, trimmed with soft ostrich mount. In Black, Brown, Tan & Mole.

Price 69/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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GROUND FLOOR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Sale Catalogue Post Free.

WALPOLES IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces

We pay Carriage within the British Isles.

SPECIAL SALE
of
BLANKETS
DOWN QUILTS
and HOUSEHOLD LINENS
commences
Monday next, Oct. 13th

Special Blanket Values

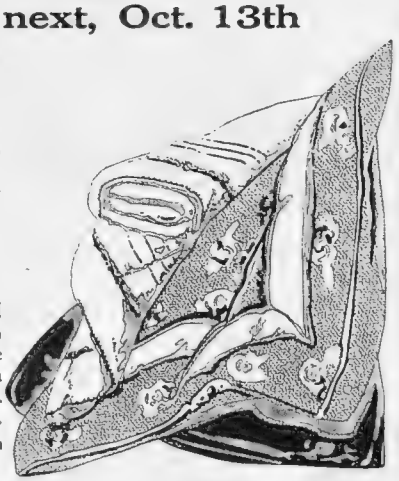
Lot 2. All Pure Wool, of excellent quality, with very raised surface. Blue borders. Strong and durable quality. Will wear well.

Single bed size - **26/9** pair
Large single bed size **35/-** ,,
Double bed size - **43/9** ,,

Unusual Down Quilt Values

No. 87. Covered in good quality printed Cambric with insertion of plain Sateen, reverse side printed Cambric. Extra well filled and ventilated. Colours: Rose, Blue, Black.

Single bed size - **32/6** each
Double ,, - **42/-** ,,



108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W 1.

LADIES' FINE QUALITY SHOES

All our shoes are of the highest standard of workmanship and are cut on scientific principles, and made by the most reliable manufacturers. Every pair Guaranteed.

SILVER OR GOLD TINSEL BROCADE ONE BAR SHOE (as sketch) Louis heel, perfect fitting, comfortable in wear.
Price, per pair **37/6**

BLACK SATIN COURT SHOE (as sketch) perfect fitting, with jewelled heel.
Price, per pair **69/6**

BLACK BOX CALF SHOE (as sketch) with grey snake-skin saddle and collar. Also in brown willow calf with self coloured lizard, low Louis heel.
Price, per pair **55/-**
In all grey lizard or all grey python, **84/-** per pr.

FAWN OR GREY LIZARD ONE BAR SHOE (as sketch) with low Louis heel, a graceful and well fitting model.
Price, per pair **84/-**

DANCE SHOE (as sketch) of black satin, perfect fitting.
Price, per pair **59/6**
Also in silver, oxidised, old gold and bright gold tinsel, **63/-** per pair.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London W.

MOTOR NOTES

A BALKAN NOTE

A 14 h.p. Crossley photographed in Vienna preparatory to starting on a tour of the Balkans. The triangular cans are not hot water bottles but spare petrol tins

INTENSE activity is now going forward in all works which are exhibiting at the Olympia Show. The doors of the exhibition will open to the public at 10 a.m. on Friday, October 17, and will close on Saturday, the 25th. The new models are being carefully prepared, so that everything may be in readiness for the great day.

* * *

I WISH to extend a welcome to a new-comer to the British markets. It is the Chrysler Six, and, although of trans-atlantic origin, it is a very good motor-car indeed. It differs from most of its compatriots in that quality, and not a low selling price, was the first aim of its designer. I am informed that every endeavour was made to make the car as good as possible, in design, materials and construction.

* * *

THE result has been very successful. The car has a lively and powerful six-cylinder engine, two of the fittings of which are distinctly unusual. The first is a centrifugal filter on the air inlet of the carburettor, so that no dust, grit or other impurities are drawn into the carburettor. As a result, I am told that carbon deposit is reduced to a minimum, and the engine can be run for long periods without cleaning. The second unique fitting of the Chrysler engine is an oil purifier. The purpose of this is to rectify the oil chemically while it is in circulation, so that the whole of its lubricating properties is retained.

* * *

ANOTHER notable feature of the Chrysler is its hydraulic four-wheel brakes. Operation is simplified in this way without any interference with the steering lock, and a very much lighter pedal pressure is required than in most other systems. This I have proved in actual tests. The Chrysler has an extremely good road performance. It is particularly fast, and performs well on hills on top gear. Acceleration and retardation are equally good, while the springing has evidently received careful attention. Altogether, the Chrysler Six may be said to offer very good value at £465 complete.

* * *

ONE of the most excellent organisations of the motor trade is the Motor and Cycle Trades' Benevolent Fund. It is forever doing good, and it is forever wanting more funds in order to do more good. Its sponsors, with this laudable object in view, are therefore organising a Grand Motor Revel, Carnival and Ball, to be held at the Wharncliffe Rooms, Winter Gardens, Hotel Great Central, Marylebone, London, on Thursday, October 23—right in the middle of the Motor Show. The price of the tickets is one guinea each, and full particulars may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. W. J. Pope, of 9 Hallam Street, Great Portland Street, W.

* * *

I AM always glad to call attention to the successes of British cars in foreign competitions. One of the most classical of these is the Semmering Hill Climb, held annually in the Eastern Alps of Austria-Hungary. In a class for touring-cars, competing with the best of European cars, a 20 70 h.p. Sports Crossley obtained second place.

(Continued on page 150)

SHAKESPEARE READING HIS PLAYS BEFORE ELIZABETH. (XVI Century.)

Where Quality reigns and age enhances.

ON the social side of life the brand of Whisky you serve makes all the difference in the world. Because of the genuinely very old and very choice Whiskies of which it is blended, "Red Tape" possesses that fine flavour and smoothness obtainable only by making the most of quality, age and perfect blending.

"Red Tape" REG.D
The Whisky

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from
The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd., 12/20, Osborn St., E.1
and at all their branches.

1564 Shakspeare

Baird Taylor Bros Ltd.

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., Ltd.,
68, Bath Street, GLASGOW.

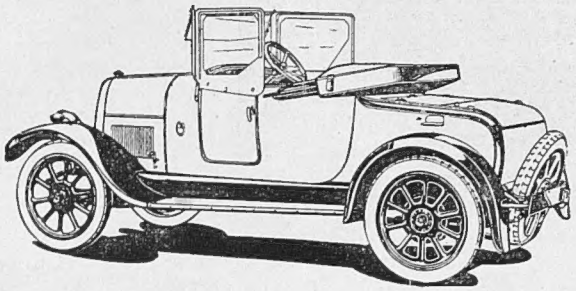
HISTORIC SIGNATURES

FIAT

The Car of International Reputation.

A typical example of Fiat Value

which the motor critics describe as "Sensational."



10/15 h.p. 2/3-Seater (Double Dickey) £350 (Tax £11)

Upholstered in best quality hand-buffed leather, doors open both sides, all-weather side curtains. Choice of colours: Mole, Blue, Grey, Bed.

Revised prices now in operation

10/15 h.p. Chassis (Tax £11) ..	**£235**
10/15h.p. Torpedo	£340
Sliding front seat. Special English type.	
10/15 h.p. 2/3 Seater	£350
10/15 h.p. Saloon	£395
10/15 h.p. All-Weather	£410
10/15 h.p. ¾ Coupe	£495
10/15 h.p. (Model 502) Chassis (Tax £11) ..	**£255**
10/15 h.p. (Model 502) Coupe de Ville	£425
15/20 h.p. Chassis (Tax £14) ..	**£325**
15/20 h.p. Torpedo	£515
15/20 h.p. ¾ Landaulet	£695
20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. Chassis (Tax £21)	**£465**
20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. Torpedo	£720
20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. ¾ Landaulet ..	£920

40 h.p. 6-cyl. Chassis fitted with front wheel brakes (Tax £27) .. **£720**

Standard equipment for above touring cars and chassis includes: Electric lighting set and starter, 5 lamps, clock, speedometer, spare wheel and Michelin Cable Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

STAND No. 129 OLYMPIA

(October 17th to 25th)

All Fiat cars are subjected to the severest tests on the unique roof track of the Fiat Works, Turin, Italy, the largest and most modern Automobile Factory in Europe.

Fiat Cars obtainable in Irish Free State from Fiat Motors (Ireland), Ltd., 8, South Anne Street, Dublin. Prices and particulars on application.

Registered Offices and Showrooms:—
45-44, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.
Telephone .. .. Gerrard 7946 (4 lines)
Wires .. .. .. Fiatism, Piccy, London
Works .. .. .. Wembley, Middlesex

(Fiat Motors, Ltd.)

WARNING

With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this Company.

Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee, and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased.

The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

FIAT

EIGHTEENTH INTERNATIONAL

MOTOR EXHIBITION

(Organised by The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders Ltd.)

Patron:
H.M. The King.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISPLAY of Private Motor Cars, together with Carriage Work, Equipment, Tools, Tyres - - - and Accessories - - -

OCT. 17th to 25th

Daily 10 till 10.

ADMISSION:

Fridays and Saturdays - - - **2/6**

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday - **5/-**

OLYMPIA LONDON W

OUR home-built cars are also doing very well in the Colonies. News has reached me of an excellent performance of Vauxhall cars in the Australian Championships Hill Climb on September 20. In the classes for which they were entered, Vauxhall cars won five out of the six prizes which it was possible for them to win. In the unrestricted class, one 30/98 h.p. Vauxhall was first, breaking record, another was second, and third place was occupied by a veteran 20 h.p. Vauxhalls would seem to climb hills as well in the Antipodes as they do at home.

* * *

I DO not want to take part in a controversy regarding the respective merits of British and foreign built cars. Many of them are equally good, and some are very much better than others. I had one argument put before me the other day as to advantages of purchasing a British-built car, and I think it is worth handing on for discussion. It is to the effect that those who own cars constitute a large proportion of the British tax-paying community. Looked at from the points of view of both the motorist and the taxpayer, it would appear to be sounder economy to pay the British workers to produce cars rather than to pay them when they are not producing them. If the money of the individual in his capacity as a motorist does not assist in the utilisation of British labour in British factories, then his money as a taxpayer goes to the support of those out of employment. I merely put forward this argument as it was given to me. I do not comment on it.

* * *

THE name of Hotchkiss first came into prominence as that of the manufacturers of particularly spiteful little guns, but a later product of theirs is now become equally famous. Hotchkiss cars have been doing very well in the hands of owners, while their public appearance in competitions has been uniformly successful. In the past twelve months, the Hotchkiss has been first in its class in such International classics as the Gaillon hill-climb, the La Turbie hill-climb, the Château Thierry hill climb, etc., etc. The latest models will be seen on Stand 97 at Olympia, during the Motor Show.

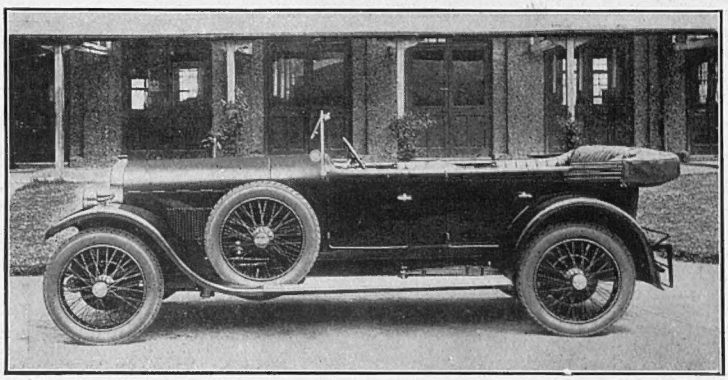
* * *

I AM vastly relieved that Kenelm Lee Guinness was not seriously injured when he was shot out of his Sunbeam in the San Sebastian Grand Prix. Anyone acquainted with the cockpit of a modern racing car would consider it impossible that the driver could ever escape from the steering-wheel, instruments and instrument boards, but the Providence that looks after racing drivers can apparently manage these things. From the reports I have received, racing in the rain and mud must have been very nervy work, and our congratulations are due to H. O. D. Segrave for his fine win on the surviving Sunbeam.

* * *

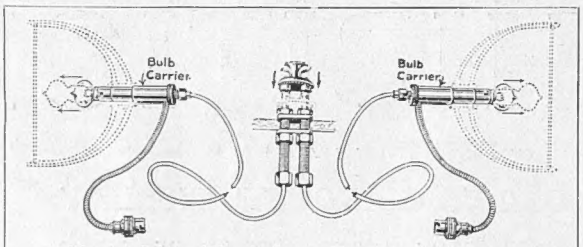
PETROL goes up, petrol goes down, unbranded spirit comes on the market, and a dozen other things happen to make the motorist confused on this question of fuel. All the motorist wants is to pay as little as possible for it, and to know that he is getting a standard, uniform quantity. The first is beyond his control but for the second, special efforts have been made by the distributors to make known what they are supplying. An excellent example is afforded by the guarantee discs affixed to each of Pratt's Golden Pumps. The document therein guarantees that the pump is filled, sealed, and watched by the Pratt's people, and it also states definitely the grade that the pump is guaranteed to deliver, whether it is Pratt's Perfection or Pratt's No. 3. Therefore, if you want Pratt's, you can be perfectly certain you are getting that for which you are paying.

GEORGE C. STEAD



A STREAMLINE MODEL

One of the latest five-seater open touring body Sunbeams. A six-cylinder car, it has a 20-60 h.p. and is fitted with exceptionally roomy passenger accommodation



The "A-L" Anti-Dazzle Focus Headlight Attachment. Sketch showing how it works.

"The Best Dimming Device I Know"

—LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

That is how Lord Montagu described the "A-L" Focus Headlight Attachment in the June issue of "Woman." But it is more than a dimming device, as Lord Montagu goes on to explain. It gives the motorist complete control of the focus of the headlamps, by the easy manipulation of a plunger on the dash-board, from the normal long, narrow beam to a broad beam illuminating both sides of the road. Besides being a real anti-dazzle device, it is of the utmost service in fog or mist and when "cornering."

Write for Free Booklet, "Safety First."

OLYMPIA October 17th-25th. STAND No. 287.

Allen-Liversidge, Ltd.

VICTORIA STATION HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

Telephone:— Victoria 9226.

Telegrams:— "Aceterator, Sowest, London."

PUNCH CIGARS

HAVANA'S BEST

The Colonel is some traveller—

in every respect—You'll find him at every Home Course and on the Courses in the farthest outposts of the Empire.

THE 1924 BLUE RING

COLONEL

GOLF BALL

Each Ball individually lettered A, B, C, & D for identification during play. Each Ball is identical in quality, in addition to having the longest flight off the Tee, is the best ball for the finer points of the game.

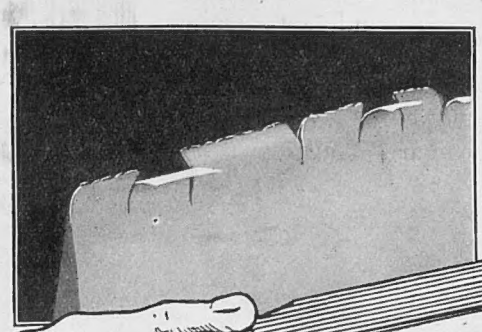
2/6 New Unhackable Cover.

St. Mungo Manufacturing Co, Ltd., Glasgow.

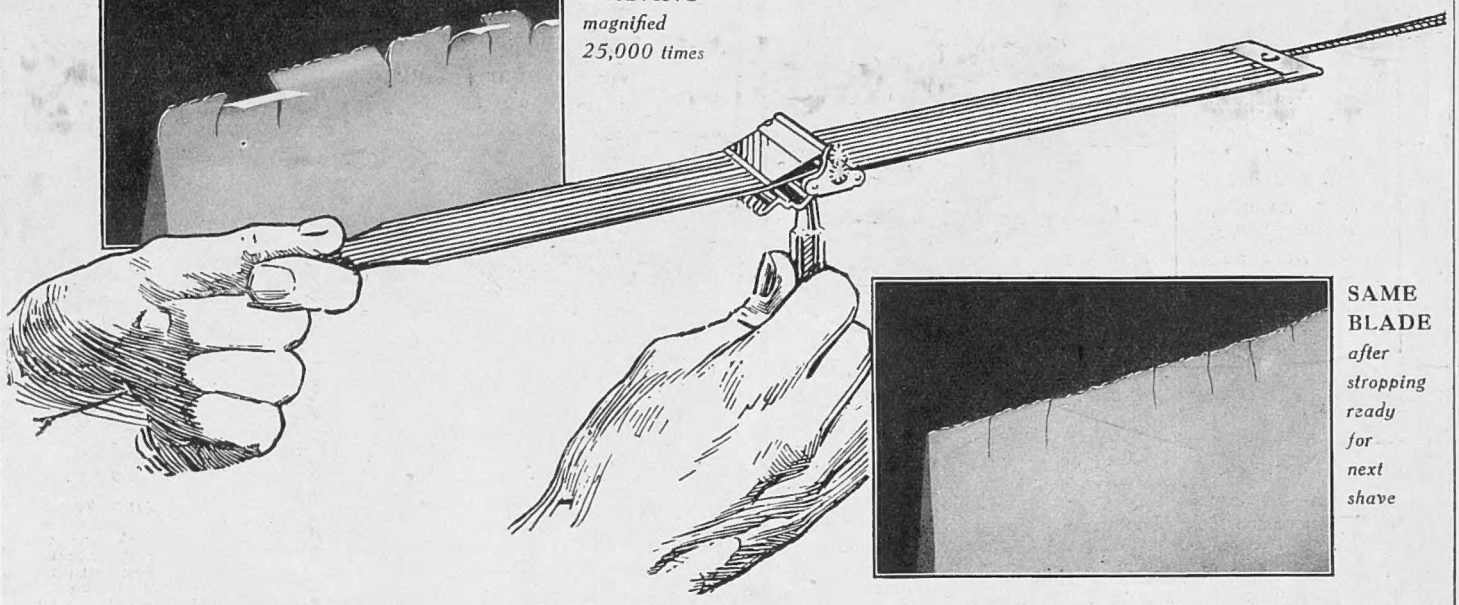
London: 37, Walbrook, E.C. 4, and at Toronto, Winnipeg, Johannesburg, Melbourne, and Auckland, N.Z. Agents for Argentine and Uruguay—

Ross McDonald & Co., Buenos Aires.

To strop or not to strop?



BLADE AFTER SHAVING
magnified 25,000 times



SAME BLADE
after stropping ready for next shave

The blade's point of view

LOOK at it from the blade's point of view. You will see it at once.

Here he is, a delicate little fellow, sensitive (on the business side of him) to the slightest touch. He meets your beard. To him, it looks like the back of a hedgehog. He has got to mow it down, smooth it out, and make it like the surface of a billiard ball. It is a Herculean task. He tackles it like a brave little man, ploughs his way through the stubble, sweeps it gently away—and he has won.

But do you think he is the fellow he was? Do you think he has come through unscathed? Not he! He is scarred and bruised all over. If you could see him under a microscope, when he has finished, you would say, "Poor thing! What a time you must have had!" and you would exempt him from further duty.

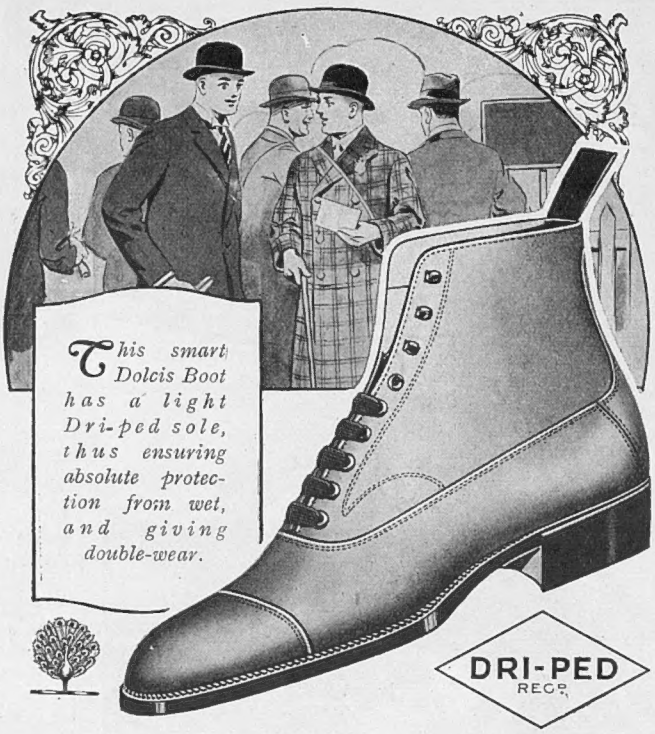
But see how he recuperates! A turn or two on the strop and he is as fit and fresh as ever. That's why you must shave with a "VALET" Razor. The "VALET" is the only safety razor in the world that gives its blade this recuperative power. It is the only safety razor that strops its blade, without removal from the frame, giving it a brand new edge for 40 or 50 shaves.

Complete "Valet" Sets 2/6 6/- 21/-

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

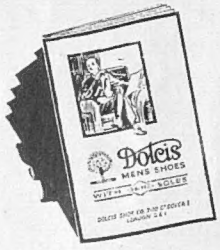
British Made. Of all dealers.

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 197-207 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1


This smart Dolcis Boot has a light Dri-ped sole, thus ensuring absolute protection from wet, and giving double-wear.

DRI-PED REGD

There are Dolcis boots and shoes for every occasion. The name 'Dolcis' guarantees style with perfect workmanship. Dolcis shoes with Dri-ped soles have leapt into favour with men of taste, because they are worthy of it. Wearing Dolcis shoes with Dri-ped soles, a man walks through the heaviest downpour, confident that his feet will be fully protected. Moreover, when the shoes are dry, they will be as smart as ever. Dolcis men's shoes with Dri-ped soles are far more comfortable and keep smart for months longer than shoes with ordinary soles. The Dri-ped soles keep out all damp and are guaranteed to give double wear.



Send for this new catalogue of men's footwear styles to-day.

Ask for Catalogue 'B'

Model 2014

(Illustrated above).

Black Box Calf only.

A fine Balmoral Boot for smart occasions with plain stitched toe-cap and lightweight soles of Dri-ped, double-wear waterproof leather. In all sizes and half-sizes from 5 to 11, and medium and wide fittings.

25/-

Plus 6d. postage.

Dolcis

fine shoes

WITH DRI-PED REGD SOLES

DOLCIS SHOE COMPANY
POST ORDER DEPARTMENT
7-10 GREAT DOVER ST. LONDON. S.E.1.

10 for 1/8
25 for 3/11

Dreams of Oriental Phantasy and Charm in the perfume of

MIRANDA'S DREAM CIGARETTES

After dinner, with your coffee, just recall the delicious fragrance of a thousand flowers in the enchanting perfume of this cigarette.

All the subtlety, romance and mystery of the East seems concentrated in its enchanting perfumes.

Miranda's Dream Am-bar is the Orient's most delicious perfume, and is impregnated into the finest Oriental tobaccos for the making of Miranda's Dream Cigarettes.

Beautifully made, the welcome oval shape, they are tipped with gold, cork and silk of various colours, and have become the *dernier cri* for ladies' after-dinner smoking.

Refuse imitations and accept only Miranda's Dream Am-bar, made by the largest manufacturers of perfumed cigarettes in the world.

At leading tobacconists, or in case of difficulty send 1/- P.O. or Stamps to:

MIRANDA LTD.
5A DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

How to get a free sample box

Enquire at your usual Tobacconist's for Beautiful Sample Box containing 6 Miranda's Dream AM-BAR Cigarettes, assorted Silk-tipped, Gold-tipped, Cork-tipped and Plain, with presentation coupon value 10d., to be exchanged in part purchase of a box of 50 of your favourite Miranda's Dream at your Tobacconist's.

Since 1802

1825

ST. Margaret's Works, the outcome of 120 years devoted to the manufacture of Knitted Goods—are equipped to produce the very highest quality of Underwear obtainable.

St Margaret Underwear for Men and Women has the experience of generations behind it. The same care and attention to detail that established the reputation of its makers in 1802 is evident in St. Margaret Underwear to-day.

For quality, finish, fit and lasting wear, St. Margaret offers the best value obtainable It is an economy to select St. Margaret.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 135
and name of nearest St. Margaret retailer, post free, on request to St. Margaret's Works, Leicester.

St. Margaret

Famed for knitted goods since 1802 UNDERWEAR